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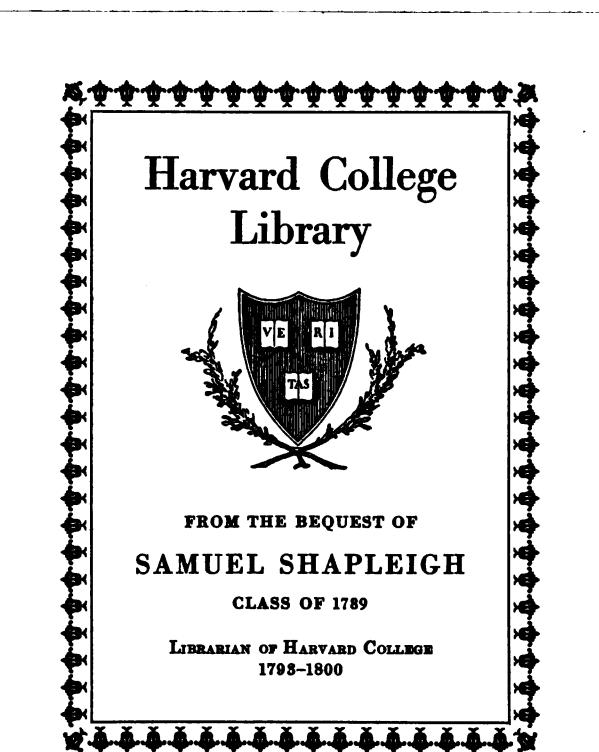
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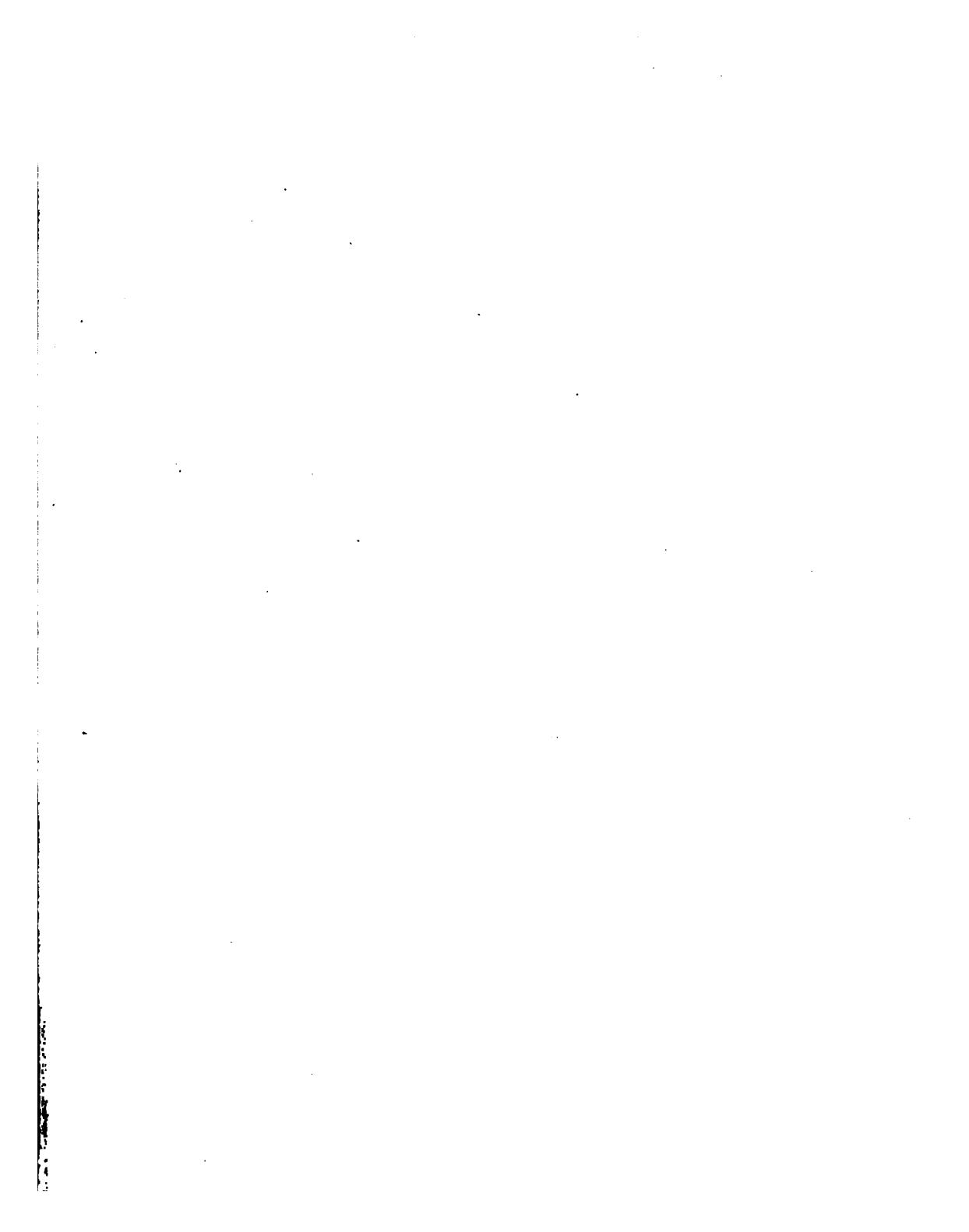
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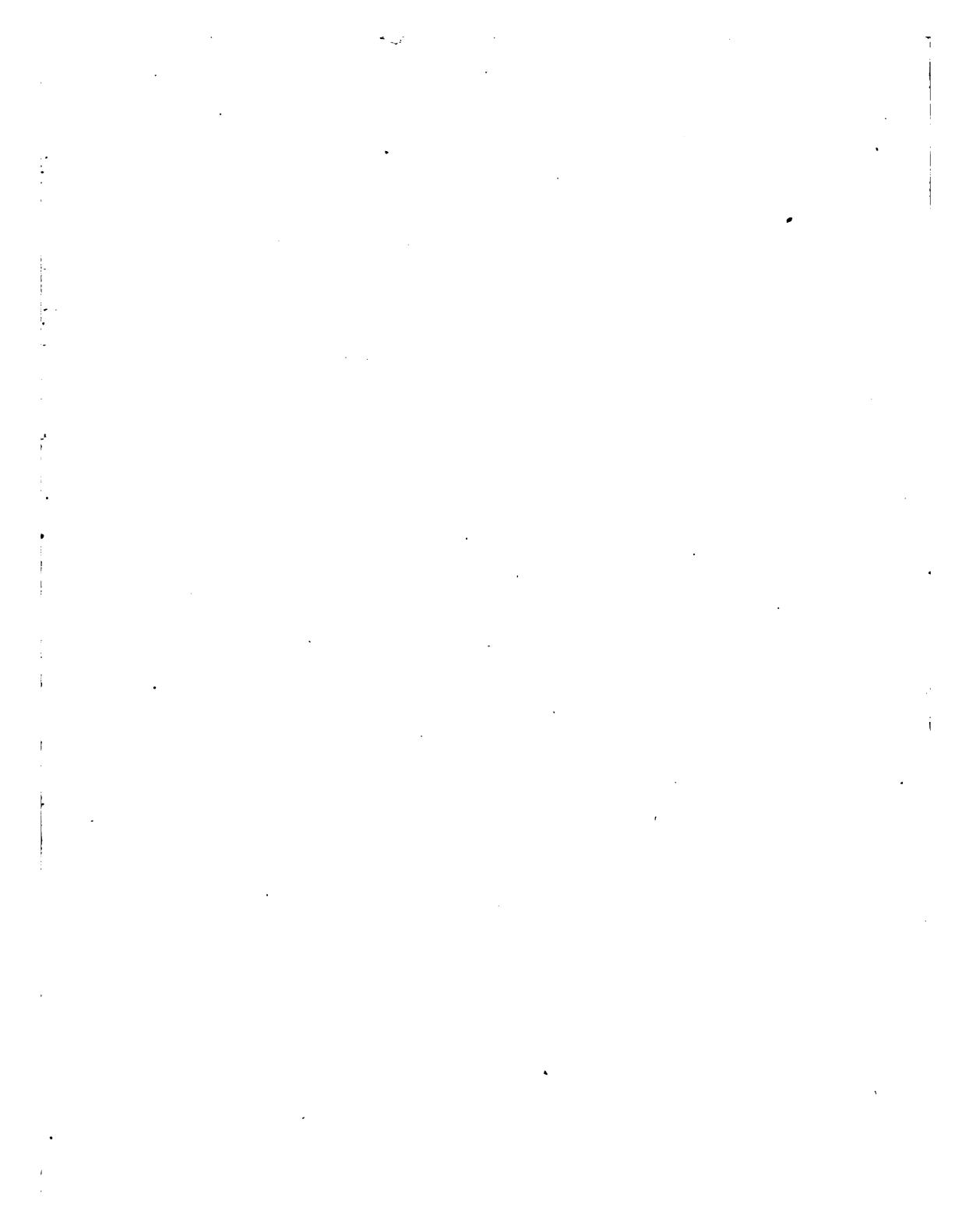
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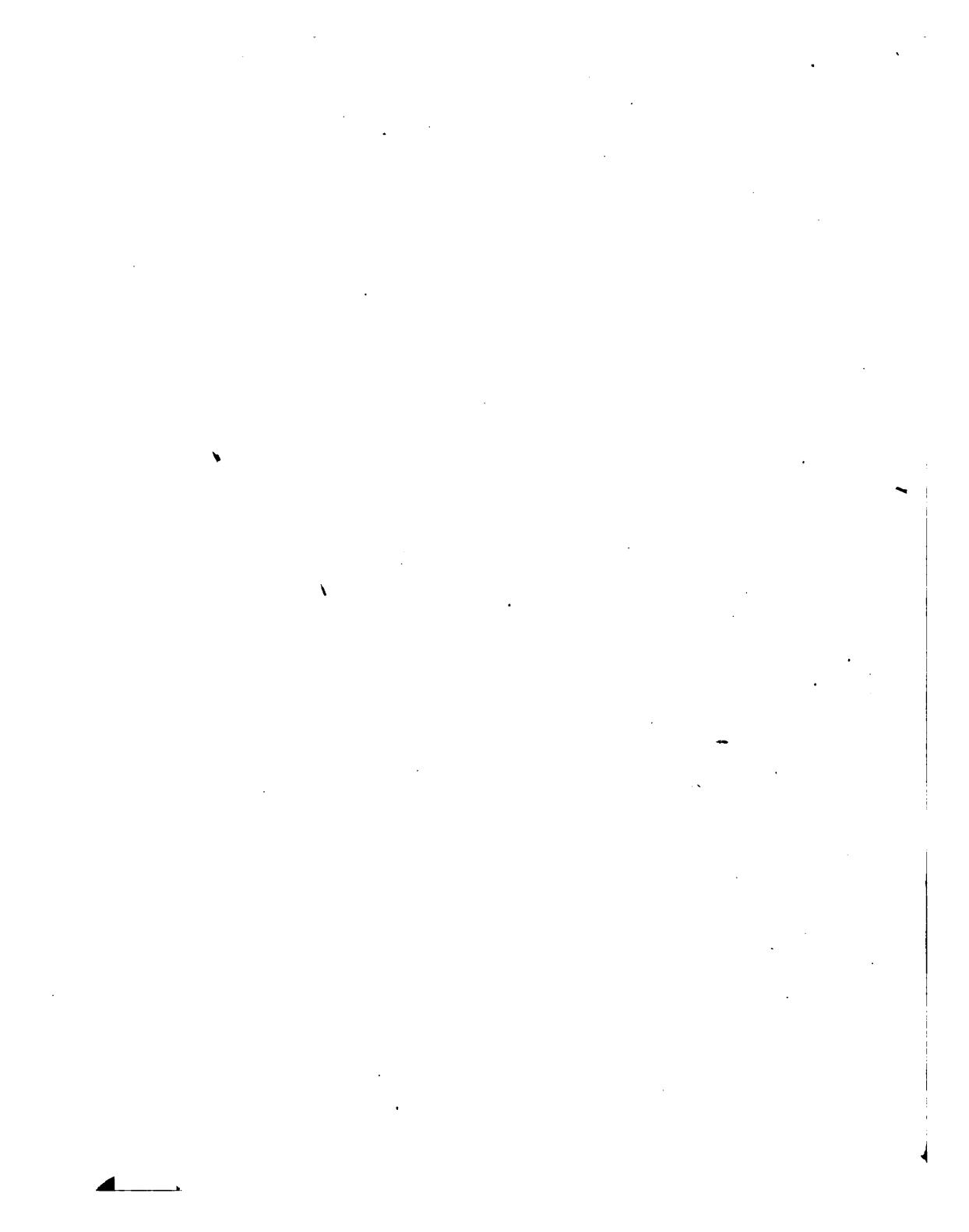
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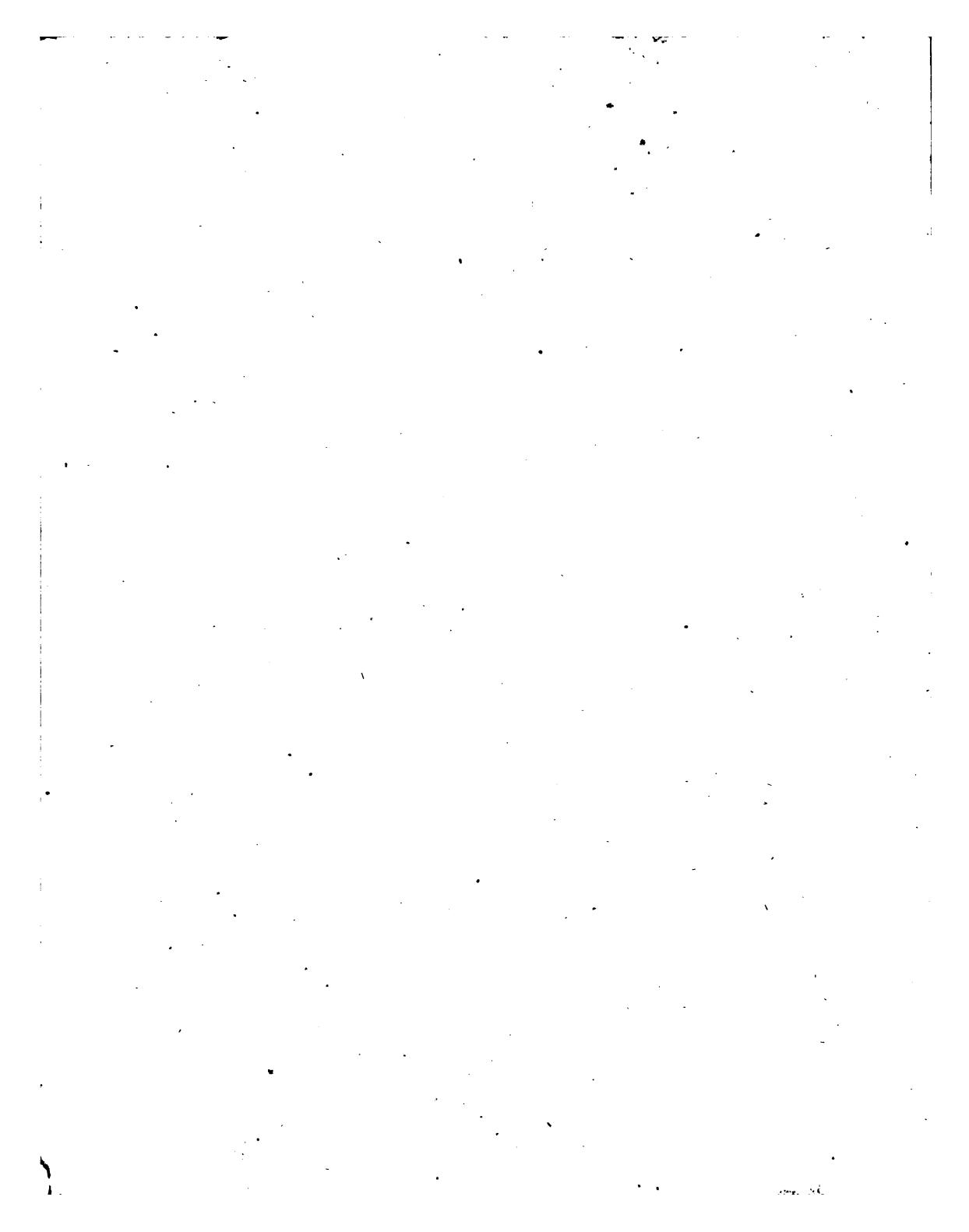












N.<sup>o</sup> 1

1 Consider whi þ synnes best for yow  
2 for þe alle sens of redempcion  
4 Syng my ro yn þ faderis processione  
17 I bade ye alle for godes wolle  
21 Unþynde v arte ma me to daffine  
23 mynne v on fates weye ful my gne  
35 Get so ful stoot to sniffe payne  
42 for omys dyng my go gote gy goo  
69 At sondynge off my yfelwesse

N.<sup>o</sup> 2

A treatise entytled the treasure  
of a good mynde famfiarie  
written to a frinde by  
R. Denys esquvor:

My frinde

1764  
4068  
H.C.

0

# Pieces of Ancient Poetry,

FROM

UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS

AND

SCARCE BOOKS.

*Edited by "N. Y." i.e. John Fry.*

Bristol, 1814.

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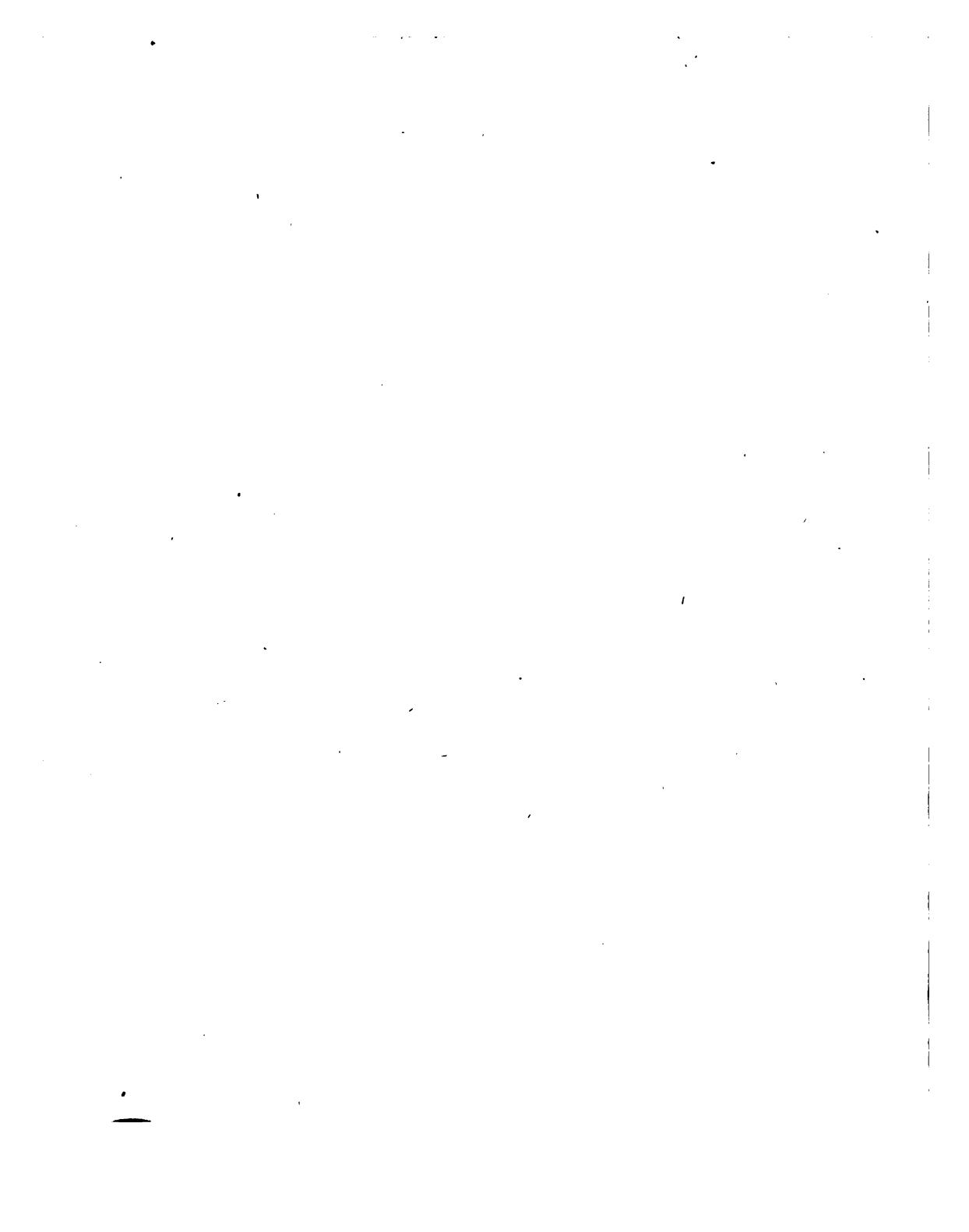
1857, Feb. 27. 11/

Shapleigh Fund.

Printed by John Evans & Co.  
St. John-Street, Bristol.

TO MY FRIEND  
ARTHUR BIGGS,  
WHOSE ATTACHMENT TO  
EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE,  
LED HIM TO SUGGEST  
THE PUBLICATION  
OF THIS VOLUME,  
IT IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

*b.  
J. C. Day of Bristol?*



## PREFACE.

---

Some Books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to  
be chewed and digested.

BACON.

MOST of the poetical compositions contained in the ensuing pages have lain by the editor for some years; and unto accident alone must their appearance be imputed. Whether they will be esteemed worthy of revival or of the regard of those unto whom the volume may pass, are questions on which no opinion is offered: sufficient be it to observe that they seemed, in the judgement of some literary friends, very amply to merit preservation; and in accordance with their sentiments, the present limited<sup>1</sup> impression is submitted to the readers of our early literature.

The work is arranged thus.

### I. Those pieces which are extracted from the quarto

<sup>1</sup>Ninety-six copies only are taken off, which with six upon blue paper, make one hundred and two. The fac-simile plate is to be inserted before the title page.

and unpublished<sup>\*</sup> manuscript described in the introductory paragraph to this section.

II. Poems collected from miscellaneous manuscripts of various dates.

III. Selections from old and scarce volumes, which seemed deserving of more extended notice.

The hasty and excursive notes that are added to the volume do not prefer any pretensions to an enlarged archaical knowledge: they are the observations which occurred whilst the editor corrected the preceding sheets, being neither the product of much labour, or of much time; and he trusts that they will not be judged of by any severe test of criticism. It is, perhaps, the more necessary to urge this plea, since he was some time ago subjected to malevolent aspersion, in consequence of having, in a fit of youthful enthusiasm, when scarcely eighteen years old, independent of controul and without a friendly adviser to check an aspiring mind, foolishly (it can scarcely merit a harsher appellative, although a harsher was most liberally

\*This expression must doubtless be understood in a restricted sense. It does appear that some of the poems contained in this manuscript have been already printed; but the enquiries of the editor induce him to believe that the major part is unpublished.

applied<sup>3</sup>) and injudiciously sent to the press two small works, containing productions of our early poets, full, and the admission is made with perfect sincerity, of errors and weaknesses, which his inexperience failed in assisting him *then* to discover. That he now regrets this premature appearance it is unnecessary to add; and to the liberal, and candid, and feeling mind, he has said enough.

The only acknowledgement for literary assistance is due to Francis Freeling, Esquire; who gratified the editor with the loan of several valuable volumes of uncommon occurrence, and the obligation was greatly enhanced by the kindness accompanying it.

KINGSDOWNE, August 22, 1814.

N. Y.

<sup>3</sup> It is very unlikely that the present work (from the nature of its publication, and from all the copies having been long since sold) will meet the eye of any of our Reviewers: it is therefore very remote from any idea of extorting favour, that the editor acknowledges the kindness of the Monthly Reviewer, and of the British Critic. The former of whom pointed out the defects of one of the books alluded to in the text, with a spirit of reprehension so gentlemanly and candid, as could not fail of enforcing conviction. It is very grateful to the editor's feelings, that he can avail himself of this opportunity of contrasting liberal criticism with spiteful malignity.

THE genius which has been successfully exerted in contributing to the instruction or amusement of society, in even the rudest times, seems to have some claim upon its gratitude for protection in more enlightened ones. It is a superannuated domestic, whose passed services entitle his old age to a comfortable provision and retreat; or rather, indeed, a humble friend, whose attachment in adverse circumstances demands the warm and grateful acknowledgements of prosperity.

RITSON.

## Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

---

### THE FIRST SECTION.

---

THE poems which form this division of the present volume were carefully transcribed by the Editor, about four years since, from a small quarto, but imperfect, manuscript (apparently *written* during the early part of the reign of the second Charles, though its contents are for the most part Elizabethan) of 116 pages, commencing on the recto of folio 4, and ending on the reverse of folio 61. It is, perhaps, some trifling subject of regret to the editor, that a portion of the contents should have been already published; such are, a few of Drayton's Heroical Epistles, the 'rapture' of Carew, those justly celebrated lines, 'My minde to me a kingdome is,' a poem by Dr. Donne, with several little Madrigals\* which have appeared in the collections of Wilbye, Bateson, Byrd, Alison, &c. printed in the maiden reign. These latter, as they well merit revival, from forming such agreeable specimens of the versification of the age in which they were composed, and as withal they are preserved in books that from their rarity are inaccessible except to a very few fortunate possessors, I have thought proper to retain. The others, from their being known to every poetical reader, are rejected.

Our elder writers were not very scrupulous of using obscene and licentious allusion and expression in their compositions: they did not content themselves with simply unfolding Nature, but it was done with a grossness and indelicacy that admitted of no excuse. A number of

\* A few of these (and as they were but a few, I have chosen to reprint them) have been extracted by that elegant critic in early literature, Mr. Haslewood, for insertion in the *Censura Literaria*, a work which is now scarcely ever to be met with complete.

pieces which this manuscript volume contained have been from this cause necessarily omitted. There are cases in which an editor, while he laments the prevalence of such offensive matter, is compelled, reluctantly indeed, to preserve the text unimpaired: numerous instances of this kind occur in Chaucer. On the present occasion, however, where these objectionable passages existed in distinct and unconnected poems, there was evidently but one method to adopt, total rejection. In two instances only, this strictness of exclusion has been departed from. The editor fully explains his motives in the attached notes.

In conclusion it must be observed that the greatest attention is given to the accuracy of those pieces which have been selected: they are printed in as exact a state as possible from the editor's transcript, excepting that the punctuation is corrected throughout.

CHANGE thy minde sith she doth change,  
 Let not fancy still abuse thee,  
 Thy untruth can not seeme strainge  
 Since her falshehood doth excuse thee;  
 Loue is dead, but thou art free;  
 She doth live, but dead to thee.

When she loued best awhile,  
 Se how she hath still delayde yee,  
 Vsinge shewes for to beguile  
 Those vaine hopes, w<sup>ch</sup> haue betrayed yee;  
 Now thou seest, although to late,  
 Loue loues truth, w<sup>ch</sup> weomen hate.

Loue noe more since she is gone,  
 She is gone & loues another,  
 Being thus deceaued by one,  
 Craue her loue, but loue none other;  
 She was falce, bid love adew,  
 She was best, but yet untrew.

Loue farewell ! more deare to me  
Then the life that thou preseruest ;  
Life thy Joyes are fled from thee,  
Another hath what thou deseruest ;  
    Oh thy death doth springe from thence,  
    Thou must dye for her offence.

Dye ! but yet before thou diest,  
Let her know what she hath gotten,  
She in whome thy hopes leade life,  
Chainged now is quite forgotten ;  
    She hath changed, her chance is base  
    Desire in soe vilde a place.

---

AND would you faine y<sup>c</sup> reason know  
Why my sad eyes soe often flow ?  
My hearte ebies joy when they doe soe,  
And Loue, the moone by whome they goe.

And will you aske why payle I looke ?  
Tis not with poring on a booke,  
My Mistres' cheekees my bloode hath tooke,  
For her mine owne haue me forsooke.

Doe not demand why I am mute,  
Loues silence doth all speach confute,  
They sit, they note that tune the Lute :  
Fales from there thoughts there tonges they shute

Doe not admire why I admire,  
My feruence is another's fire,  
Each seauerall hath his desire,  
Eache proofe is false, & truths a lier.

## Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

If why I loued you would see y<sup>e</sup> cause,  
 Loue should have for me like other lawes ;  
 For fancy pleades not by the cause,  
 Tis as y<sup>e</sup> Sea still ebies & flowes.

Noe fault vpon my Loue espie,  
 For you percieue not with your eye  
 My medlers to your tast may lie,  
 Yet please it selfe deliciously.

Let then my sufference be my owne,  
 Sufficeth it these reasons showne,  
 Reason and loue is euer knowne  
 To fight still, but be ouerthrowne.

ALAS ! what hope of speding  
 When hope beguild lies bleding ?  
 She bad come when she spied me,  
 And when I came, she fled me :  
 Thus when I was beguiled,  
 She at my sighing smiled.  
 But if you take such pleasure,  
 Of Hope and Joy my treasure  
 By deceipt to bereave me ;  
 Loue me and so deceave me.

LADIE ! when I behould y<sup>e</sup> roses sprouting,  
 Which clad in damaske clad the Arbours ;  
 And then beholde your lipps, where sweete loue harbours ;  
 My eyes presents me w<sup>th</sup> a double doubting,  
 For viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes,  
 Whether y<sup>e</sup> Roses be y<sup>t</sup> lips, or your lips the Roses.

WHEN first I saw thee thou didst play  
The gentill Theife, & stolst my hart away;  
Render't againe, or else sende me thine owne,  
Two is to much for thee when I have none;  
Which if thou dost not, I will sweare y<sup>e</sup> art  
A sweete fac't Creature with a double heart.

---

*Upon a Mother and her Sonne havinge each of y<sup>m</sup> but one eye.*

AN one ey'd boy borne of a halfe blinde mother,  
Unmatched in beauty savinge each to other;  
Sende her thy eye, faire boy, & she shall prove  
The queene of beauty, thou the God of Love.

---

*Vpon a Scould.*

Her body is bestowed well,  
A handsome grave doth hide her;  
As for her soule tis not in hell,  
Y<sup>e</sup> diuell could neuer abide her;  
I rather thinke she's soar'd aloft,  
For in a crack of thunder,  
Methought I heard her voyce not soft,  
Tearing y<sup>e</sup> clouds asunder.

---

*On a Maide that dyed for love.*

Goe periured man, & if thou ere retarne  
To vew thes last remainder of my vrne,  
And laughst & spurnst at my religious dust,  
And saist wheres now the coulor, forme, & trust  
Of weomens beauty, & perhaps w<sup>th</sup> rude  
Hands riflest the flowers w<sup>th</sup> the virgins strewde:

## Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

Know I have prayd to pitty that some winde  
May raise my ashes vp, & strike thee blinde.

---

Is LOUE a boy? what meanes he then to strike?  
Or is he blinde? why will he be a guide?  
Is he a man? why doth he hurt his like?  
Is he a God? why doth he men deride?

Noe one of thesse, but one compact of all,  
A willfull boy, a man still dealinge blowes,  
Of purpose blinde to leade me to there thrall,  
A God that rules vnruley, God he knowes.

Boy! pitty me, that am a child againe;  
Blinde be no more my guide to make me stray;  
Man vse thy might to force away my paine;  
God doe me good, & leade me to the way;  
And if thou beist a power to me unknowne,  
Power of my life, let heare thy grace be shounē.

---

*By Tho : Watson.*

PALE Jealousie, child of insinuate love,  
Of heartesicke thoughts w<sup>ch</sup> Melancholy bred;  
O hell-tormenting feare! noe faith can move;  
By discontent w<sup>th</sup> deadly poysen fed,  
W<sup>th</sup> heedelesse youth & error vainely led;  
A mortall plague, a vertue-drowning flood,  
A hellish fier, not quenched but w<sup>th</sup> blood.

---

## Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

7

### *On a Womans faith.*

CATCH at a starr that's falling from y<sup>e</sup> skye ;  
Make an Immortal creature feare to dye ;  
Stopp w<sup>th</sup> thy hand the current of the seas ;  
Passe through y<sup>e</sup> Center to y<sup>e</sup> Antipodes ;  
Teach profound Solomon to taue a jigg ;  
Poysone y<sup>e</sup> Devill w<sup>th</sup> a Spanish figg ;  
Weigh me an ounce of flame ; repell y<sup>e</sup> winde ;  
Then maist thou find truth in a womans minde.

---

FEARE is more paine then is y<sup>e</sup> paine it feares,  
Disarming humaine minds of natures might,  
Where each conceite an vgly figure beares,  
W<sup>ch</sup> were not evill well vew'd in reasons sight.

---

TYME takes our lives, & post to death doth runn,  
Deathe meetes with tyme, & soe our dayes are dunn.

---

THOUGHT w<sup>th</sup> art fed from thy sweete Fancies eyes  
W<sup>th</sup> lookes of love, thy lyfe and deere delight,  
Delight from whence new thoughts doe daily rise,  
Thoughts w<sup>ch</sup> doe breed new fancye more of might.

How can it be y<sup>t</sup> either tyme or place,  
You Boreas twinnis, & both coheires of love,  
Can seperate each out of thother's grace,  
Sith it was so ordeynd by powers above.

Sith it was soe ordeynd by powers above,  
Y<sup>t</sup> Fancye euer life to Thought should give,

## Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

& ty'de their being in such pfect love,  
 As Thought once dead, then Fancye cannot live ;  
 Why then art thou sweete Fancye soe vnkinde ?  
 To kill thy Thought, & soe thy deathe to finde.

---

LOVELY her lookes who my faire Fancye is,  
 Fancye soe named by her sweete consent,  
 & she to breede in me the like content,  
 Named me her Thought & thought me not amisse.

Then I her thought w<sup>ch</sup> cannot thinke amisse,  
 & if I should not speake as well as thinke,  
 Filled w<sup>th</sup> her praises to y<sup>e</sup> very brinke,  
 I wretch vnworthy where such heavenly blisse.

She is on earth, y<sup>e</sup> fairest, & y<sup>e</sup> best,  
 Y<sup>e</sup> wisest, & y<sup>e</sup> kindest little elfe,  
 In Love fitt for y<sup>e</sup> God of love himselfe ;  
 & one thinge more w<sup>ch</sup> betters all y<sup>e</sup> rest,  
 This miracle is on her forehead wrought,  
 She loves but one, & will not chaunge her Thought.

---

The Ayre w<sup>th</sup> sweetes my sences doth delight ;  
 The Earth w<sup>th</sup> flowres doth glad my heavie eye ;  
 The fire w<sup>th</sup> warmth revives my dying spright ;  
 Water cooles y<sup>t</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> is to hott & dry ;  
 The ayre, y<sup>e</sup> earth, y<sup>e</sup> water, & y<sup>e</sup> fire,  
 All doe me good, what can I more desire ?

O-noe ! y<sup>e</sup> Ayre infected I doe finde ;  
 Y<sup>e</sup> Earths faire flowres doe wither & decay ;

**Songes of Sorrow Parte.**

9

Ye Fire soe hot inflames y<sup>e</sup> frozen minde ;  
& Water washeth white & all swage ;  
Thus Ayre, Earth, fire, & water dothe annoy me :  
How can it be then but they must destroy me ?  
Sweete Ayre ! doe yet awhile thy swetenes hold ;  
& Earth ! let not thy flowres fall in prime ;  
Fire ! doe not burne, my heart is not acold ;  
Water ! dry vp vntill another tyme ;  
O Ayre, Earth, fire, & water ! heare my prayer ;  
Or slay me now, fire, water, earth, or ayre.

Loe in y<sup>e</sup> Ayre how deadly thunder threatneth ;  
See on y<sup>e</sup> Earth how every flower faydeth ;  
& w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> fire how euerie senew sweeteth ;  
& how y<sup>e</sup> water panting hearts appealeth ;  
Thus Ayre, Earth, fire, & water all doth grieve me ,  
Heavens ! show y<sup>or</sup> power yet somewhat to relive me .

This is not Ayre y<sup>t</sup> euerie creature fedeth ;  
Nor this is earth where euerie flower groweth ;  
Nor this is fire y<sup>t</sup> flame & fury breedeth ;  
Nor this y<sup>e</sup> water y<sup>t</sup> both ebbes & flowes ;  
These Elements are w<sup>th</sup>in a world inclosed ,  
Those where my hearte most heavenly rest reposed .

---

LOVE makes me loath my lyfe ;  
Yet doe I live by love ;  
Thus lyfe brings death ,  
& death brings lyfe ;  
Both this & that I prove .

I sigh & sing for joy ;  
I laugh in paine to lye ;

Thus mirth is moane,  
& moane is mirth,  
Twixt both I live and dye:

My coulor shews my care,  
My care doth worke my paine,  
My paine my grief,  
My grief my death,  
My death my endlesse gaine.

In vaine is beautyes blast,  
If beauty want her meede,  
The blosome fruit,  
The herbe his flower,  
The flower w<sup>th</sup>out his seede.

My youth doth shew my yeares,  
My yeares should shew my joy,  
I hast to wedd,  
I have noe will,  
I stoope yet am I coy.

Though outward face doth shew  
Mine inward heart not paynd,  
Yet doth my heart  
Feele torments greate,  
& know my face is faind.

Sith soe it is I sigh,  
& to myselfe I singe,  
High hoe my hearte,  
High hoe, alas !  
Love is a cruell thing.

---

*Verses w<sup>ch</sup> my Lord Audley, earle of Castlehaven, sente to his Wife.*

I NEEDS noe trophies to adorne my hearse,  
My wife exalts my horne in every verse,  
And plac'd them hath soe full vpon my tombe,  
That for my armes there is no vacant roome;  
Who will take such a Countess to his bead,  
That first gives hornes, and then cuts of his head?

*Her Answere.*

Its true you neede noe trophies to y<sup>r</sup> hearse,  
Your life being odious, & below all verse;  
Nor wast it your wife who came chaste to y<sup>r</sup> bead  
That did horne you, y<sup>r</sup> owne hands hornes y<sup>r</sup> head;  
Twas fit y<sup>r</sup> head should off, as all men conster  
That y<sup>a</sup> y<sup>t</sup> liued soe, shoulde dye a monster.

---

CHANGE me, O Heavens! into y<sup>e</sup> Ruby stone,  
That on my love's faire lockes doth hange in gold;  
Yet leave me speache to her to make my moane,  
And giue me eyes her beauties to behould;  
Or if thou wilt not make my flesh a stone,  
Make her hard harte seme fleshe, y<sup>t</sup> now senies none.

---

Aye me! can every rumour,  
Thus starte my Ladies humor?  
Name ye some Gallant to her,  
Why straight forsooth I wooe her;  
Then burst she forth in passion,  
You men loye but for fashon;

~~Poems of Current Poetry.~~

Yet sure I am y<sup>t</sup> noe man  
 Euer so lou'd a woeman ;  
 Yet, alas ! Love, be warye,  
 For woemen be contrarye.

---

DEAR Pitty how, ah ! how wouldest thou become her,  
 That best becometh beauties best attiring !  
 Shall my desert deserue noe favour from her,  
 But still to wast myselfe in deepe admiringe,  
 Like him that cales to Eccho to releue him,  
 Still teles & heares y<sup>e</sup> Tale, oh ! tale y<sup>t</sup> greues him.

---

YE restles thoughts that harbour discontent,  
 Cease your assaults, & let my hearte lament,  
 And let my tongue have leauue to tell my griefe,  
 That she may pitty though not graunte relief !  
 Pitty woulde helpe, (alas !) what love hath slaine,  
 And salue the wound y<sup>t</sup> festred this disdaine.

---

ALL is heauen w<sup>ch</sup> you behould,  
 And all your thoughts are blessed ;  
 But noe springe can wante his fall,  
 Each Troylus hath his Cresed.

Thy well ordred lockes are longe,  
 Well rudely hange neglected ;  
 And thy liuely pleasant cheare,  
 Paile greife on earth dejected.

Much then wilt thou blame thy Saint,  
 That made thy heart so holy,

And w<sup>th</sup> sighes confesse in love  
Y<sup>t</sup> to much faith is folly.

Yet be just and constant still,  
Time may beget a wonder,  
Not unlike a Sumers frost,  
Or Winters fattall thunder.

He y<sup>t</sup> houldes his sweete hearte true  
Vntoe y<sup>e</sup> day of dying,  
Lives y<sup>e</sup> best that euer breath'd,  
Most worthey of enjoying.

---

Fy<sup>e</sup> on this fauning, and Love without desire,  
Heate still remaining, & yet noe sparke of fire!  
Thou arte untrue, nor wearte w<sup>th</sup> fancye moued,  
For desire hath power on all y<sup>t</sup> ever loued.

Shew some relentinge, or grante thou dost not love,  
Tow hearts consenting, will they not constant prove?  
Yeelde, or confesse that weomens words are fained,  
And that beautie smiles on th' obiect most disdained.

Trust is not placed in words & forced smiles,  
Love is not grated w<sup>th</sup> that w<sup>ch</sup> most beguiles;  
Love or dislike yeelde fire or giue no fuell,  
So thou mayst proue true, or at least lesse cruell.

---

ADSV, sweet Amarilis !  
For since to part your will is,  
Oh heavie tyding !  
Here is for me noe byding;

## Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

Yet once againe ere y<sup>t</sup> I parte w<sup>th</sup> you,  
 Amarilis, Amarilis,  
 Sweete, adeu ! adeu !

---

I LIVE, & yet methinkes I doe not breath ;  
 I thirst & drinke, I drinke & thirst againe ;  
 I sleepe, & yet I dreame, I dreame & wake ;  
 I hop for that I have, I have & wante ;  
 I sing & sigh, I love & hate at once ;  
 O tell me, restlesse Soule ! what uncouth iarr  
 Doth cause such wante in store, in peace such warry

---

### *On a still-born Child.*

Sepse pater doluit.

I WILL not quarrell w<sup>th</sup> heaven, nor cursses raise  
 Gaint planetary or birth criticle dayes,  
 Nor the three fatall sisters cutworke ban,  
 Vpon whose threads depends the breath of man ;  
 What in the leaves of destany is writ  
 I will obey, but neuer question it,  
 Children are jewles w<sup>ch</sup> wee when heauen doth take  
 Must loue the casket for the jewles sake ;  
 How did I courte my hopes, & often smiled  
 With expectacon of a boy, a child  
 That might write man before ould age would show  
 Vpon his fathers head a crowne of snow !  
 When thus my thoughts did pride it, in the meane  
 Deathe played the Chorus, & did chainge the sceane ;  
 When nightly lodg'd by my sheete partner's side,  
 And sleepe inhument gives our sences tyed,

How little dreamed I that her frutefull wombe  
Was, to a lieuesse corpes, a liuing tombe!  
How little thought, I little thought indeed,  
Base wormes on so sweete fleshe so sone shoulde fede ;  
Thus new sprung roses in there maiden buds  
Are nipt by frost ; thus in y<sup>e</sup> dauncing floods,  
When many a tall ship rides, a sudaine blast  
Strikes of the brauest topsaile from the mast ;  
And thus to lose what we so long desired,  
Was like a towne at once both wone & fired ;  
But, Passion, cease to comment, or to singe  
More Epicediums on my Infanting ;  
For Epitaph this only shal be read,  
Here lyes the Babe was borne & buryed.

W. H.

---

*An Epigram.*

NICKE y<sup>e</sup> weavers boy is dead & gone,  
Surely his life was but a thrume.

---

LORD, who createdst man in welth & store,  
Though fooleshly he lost the same,  
Decaying more and more,  
Till he became  
Most poore !  
With thee  
O let me rise,  
As larkes harmoniously,  
And singe this day thy victoryes ;  
Then shall the fall fvrther the fyte in me.

---

S<sup>t</sup>ories of Ancient Poetry.

I ~~die~~ to live, I live to dye,  
In hope to liue eternally.

---

My tender age in sorrow did begin,  
And still w<sup>th</sup> sicknesses & shame,  
Thou didst so punish me,  
That I became  
Most thinne;  
With thee,  
Let me combine,  
And feele this day thy victory;  
For if I impe my wings on thine,  
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

---

*Vpon his Mistress walking in a Snow.*

I sawe faire Chloris walke alone  
When fethered raine came softly downe,  
And Iove discending from his towre,  
Did courte her in a silver showre;  
The wanton snow flue on her brest  
As little birds into theire nest,  
But overcome with whitenesse there,  
For grieve did thaw into a teare;  
Whence falling to her garment hem  
To decke her, frose into a gem.

---

*Vpon his M<sup>r</sup>s Picture.*

SITTING & redy to be drawne,  
What neede these velvets, silkes, or lawne,

Embroidery, fethers, fringe, & lace,  
Wher every limme takes like a face ?  
Lende those suspected helpers to ayde  
Some forme defective or decayed :  
This beauty is soe lasting faire,  
Nought needes to clothe it but the ayre ;  
Yet something to the Painters view  
Were fittly interposed ; but now  
He shall, if he can vnderstand,  
Worke w<sup>th</sup> my fancie his owne hand ;  
Draw first a cloude, all but her necke,  
And out of that make day to breake,  
Till like her face, it doth appear  
That men might thinke all light rose there ;  
Then let the beames of that disperse  
The Cloude, & shew the vniverse,  
But at such distance as the eye  
May rather yet adore than spye ;  
The Heavens designde, draw next a springe  
W<sup>th</sup> all that youth or fates can bringe ;  
Foure Riveres branching out like Seas,  
And Paradise confirming these ;  
Last draw the circles of the Globe,  
And let there be a starry Robe  
Of Constlelacons boute her hurld ;  
So thou hast painted beauties world.

---

*Vpon a blacke maide wooing a faire boy.*

Thou fairest boy, why flyst thou me ?  
Since languish selfe would flame for thee !

I am black that's true, soes night,  
 And love doth in darke shade delighte ;  
 The whole world, doe but close thyne eye,  
 Will seeme to be as blacke as I ;  
 Or looke, & vew what a blacke shade  
 Is by thyne owne faire body made.

---

WHEN those sunkelike eyes but turne  
 On me, as y<sup>e</sup> darker Sun  
 Doth his neare borne Indian burne,  
 Soe I fare, soe am undone ;  
 Turne away those beamy rayes !  
 Thou but alterrest misery,  
 Adding nightes where thou mad'st dayes,  
 Soe a Russian death I dye ;  
 Is there noe meane in those eyes :  
 Must they burne or must they freze ?

Open that sweete roseat cave  
 Where those breezes keep there nest ;  
 By y<sup>t</sup> meanes y<sup>or</sup> sunburnt slave  
 Midst his flame may feele noe heate ;  
 Or when he y<sup>e</sup> shall kisse,  
 Round impaled w<sup>th</sup> hills of snow,  
 Let him feele y<sup>e</sup> Tropicks blisse,  
 If y<sup>t</sup> winde shoulde gently blow :  
 Sweetest ! you by this device  
 May coole my heate & thaw my ice.

---

*A Censure.*

WHY slyghtst thou her whome I approve ?  
Thou art no iudge to trye my love,  
Nor canst deserue where her forme lyes,  
Vnlesse thou sawest her with my eyes ;  
Say she was foule or blacker then  
The night, or sunburnt african ;  
If lov'd by me, tis I alone  
Can make a beauty where is none,  
For rated in my fancye, she  
I soe as she appeares to me ;  
But tis not feature or a face,  
That doth my free elecon grace ;  
Nor is my fancy only led,  
By a well tempered white & red :  
Could I enamord grow on those,  
The Lylly & the blushing Rose,  
Vnited in one stock, should be  
More deare unto my thoughts then she ;  
But I looke further, & doe finde  
A richer Jewell in her minde,  
Where somethinge is soe lasting faire  
As age or arte cannot impaire :  
Hadst thou a prospective soe cleare,  
Thereby to se my obiect there,  
And then her vertewes shouldst espie,  
They'd force thee to confesse, y<sup>t</sup> I  
Had cause to love her ; & learne thence  
To love by Judgment, not by sence.

A FRIEND should like a Chimney be,  
Warne in y<sup>e</sup> Winter of Aduersitie.

---

*On a Gentlewoman not marriageable.*

WHY should passion leade thee blinde  
Cause thy Lydia proves vnkinde ?  
She's yet to younge to know delight,  
And is not plum'd for Cupid's flight ;  
She canot yet in height of pleasure  
Answer love w<sup>th</sup> equall measure,  
But like a rose new blowne doth feede  
The dye alone, but yelds no seede ;  
Autume will shortly come & greet her,  
Making her tast and coulour sweeter ;  
And then her ripeness will be such  
That she will fall, euen w<sup>th</sup> a tuch ;  
She but beinge in her springe,  
Cannot love, till Cupid bringe  
A hotter season w<sup>th</sup> his fier,  
Which may ripen her desire.

---

WHEN first I loved, I would it had bine never,  
Nay, rather wish I that it might be euer ;  
I felte a certaine mocon in my brest,  
But knew not how or where withall possest ;  
In thinges vnkowne there is but shorte contente,  
And Joyes conceited only, soon are spente ;  
Licke to a pleasunt dreame when one awakes,  
The pleasuers vanish w<sup>ch</sup> the fancy makes :  
Still did I wonder in a silent pause,  
What my delight was, & from whence y<sup>e</sup> cause ;

At last I found twas beauty y<sup>t</sup> did move  
Desier inflamed, to burne my hearte with love ;  
Beauty, y<sup>e</sup> attractive loadstone of affecons,  
Made way in myne t' admire her high perfecons  
Whose I am, & will be untill death.  
Cutt off the strings of vitall breath.

---

*To y<sup>e</sup> tune of ' Whoope ! doe me noe harme, good man.'*

THERE was an old lad  
Rode on an old pad,  
Vnto an old punke, a wooing ;  
He layed this old punke  
Vpon an old trunke,  
And there was good old doing.

There was an odde maide,  
Scarce sweete, as they sayde,  
In a place y<sup>t</sup> I dare not mencon ;  
She in an odde humer,  
Lay w<sup>th</sup> a perfumer,  
O there was an odde invencon !

This punke & this maide,  
They sung<sup>e</sup> & they saide  
That marriage is but a servility ;  
If marrye we must,  
For chaunge of o<sup>r</sup> lust,  
O well faire a trick of agility !

There was a good Earle  
Had gott a young girle,  
His wimble did peirce her flanke ;

## Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

His nagge was made able  
By chaunge of his stable ;  
O there was a brave quoad hanc !

This maide inspected ;  
But fraude interected  
A maide of more perfecon :  
The Midwives did her handle,  
While y<sup>e</sup> Kn<sup>t</sup> held y<sup>e</sup> candle ;  
O there was a clere inspecon !

Now foraine writers  
Speake ill of theise miters,  
That allow of such virginity :  
They speake of election  
& want of corecon ;  
O there was some divinity !

There was a younge Lord  
Y<sup>t</sup> assumed, on his word,  
To be a Parlement-maker ;  
But see how things alter !  
He assumed a halter ;  
O there was a fine undertaker !

He had a sweete freind  
Whome he did recomend  
To the keeping of sweete S<sup>r</sup> Jervice :  
They gave him a glister  
Made his belly to blister ;  
O there was a sweete piece of service !

This friend had denied  
& could not abide  
A match that he saide would shame us ;

But this little Matron  
Would needes have this patron,  
A Patron of Ignoramus.

Now Weton, & Herne,  
& Turner, doe burne,  
And say these things are but fraudes;  
They may say their pleasure;  
We thinke it hard measure,  
O Knaves ! O Punkes ! O Bandes !

---

*To the tune of ' You Ladies of y<sup>e</sup> Courte.'*

PANDERS ! come away ;  
Bring y<sup>or</sup> Punkes, by clusters,  
Alonge y<sup>e</sup> ditch by Grayes,  
Where Cupid cales his musters  
Night and day.

Wenches ! doe you heare ?  
Ile tell you noe fable :  
You y<sup>t</sup> do occupie,  
& be not warantable,  
Heele casher e.

Little alive is founde  
7 Yeares to be a trader :  
Tom Taud, heele be bound  
Who are they say has paid her,  
In her purse.

Gardener's neere the worse,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
As condon as the burse,  
For she hath still the mony  
In her purse.

## Spirites of Shakespear Poetry.

True it is yt Cab  
For yeares may be a virgine ;  
Yet Cupid findes her drab  
All redy nedes a Surgeon .  
For the Soalle.

Citty-Wives; they say,  
May occupie by Charter;  
And, Cupid ! graunte they may  
Soe ware for barter,  
Without paye.

But because yt you  
Will not allowe this order,  
To Morefields se you come,  
W<sup>th</sup> y<sup>or</sup> Maiqr, & y<sup>or</sup> Recorder,  
With a drume.

OF vertuous Love myself can boast alone,  
Sith noe suspect my service may attaint ;  
For perfect faire is shee, y<sup>e</sup> onely one  
Whome I esteeme for my beloued Saint:  
Thus for my faith I onely beare y<sup>e</sup> bell ;  
& for her faire, shee only doth excell.

Then let fond Petrarch sound his Laura's praise,  
& Tasso cease to publish his effect,  
Sith mines y<sup>e</sup> faith confirm'd at all assayes,  
& hers y<sup>e</sup> faire w<sup>ch</sup> all men doe respect :  
My lynes her faire, her faith my faith assures ;  
Thus I by loue, and loue by me endures.

THERE was a tyme when sillie Bees coud speake,  
 & at y<sup>t</sup> time I was a silly Bee  
 Who fed on tyme vntill my hearte did breake,  
 Yet never found y<sup>t</sup> tyme would fauor me :  
     Of all ye swarwe, I only could not thrive,  
     Yet brought I waxe & huny to ye huie.

Then thus I buz'd when tyme noe sapp would give,  
 Why is this blessed tyme to me soe drye  
 Sith in this tyme ye lazie droane doth live,  
 Ye waspe, ye worme, ye gnatt, ye Butterflie ?  
     Mated w<sup>th</sup> greife, I kneeled on my knees,  
     & thus complayned to ye Kinge of Bees.

God graunte, my Leige ! ye tyme may never end,  
 & yet vouchsafe to heare my plaint of tyme,  
 Sith euery fruitlesse fly hath found a freind,  
 & I cast downe when Attomies doth climbe.  
     Ye Kinge replied but thus, peace peevious Bee !  
     Thou art not made to serve ye tyme, ye tyme not thee.

The tyme not thee ! this word clipt short my wings,  
 & made me wormelike creep w<sup>th</sup> erst did fly :  
 Awfull regard disputeth not w<sup>th</sup> Kings,  
 Receiveth a repulse, not asketh why ;  
     Then from y<sup>t</sup> tyme a tyme I me w<sup>th</sup>drew,  
     To feede on henbaine, hemlock, nettles, rue.

When all the swarwe in sunshine tast ye rose,  
 On black fearn-rutes I seeke & suck my baine ;  
 Whilst on ye Eglantine ye rest repose,  
 To light on wormewood leaves they me constraine.

Having too much, they still repine for more,  
 & cloy'd w<sup>th</sup> sweetenes, surfet on their store.

Pices of Ancient Poetry.

Swolne fatt w<sup>th</sup> feasts, full merely they passe  
 Their tyme in clusters, feeding on a tree ;  
 & finding me to nible on y<sup>e</sup> grasse,  
 Some muse, some scorne, & some doe pitty me ;  
 Some envey me, & whisper to their Kinge,  
 Some must be still, & some must have noe stinge.

Are Bees waxt waspes, & spullers to effect ?  
 Doe huny bowells make y<sup>e</sup> spirits gall ?  
 Is this y<sup>e</sup> juce of flowers, to breed suspect ?  
 Is't not enough to tread on them y<sup>t</sup> fall ?  
 What stinge hath Patience but a stinging greife,  
 Y<sup>t</sup> stinges naught but it selfe w<sup>th</sup>out releife ?

Sad Patience, y<sup>t</sup> attendeth at y<sup>e</sup> dore  
 & teacheth wise men, thus concludes in Schooles :  
 Patience I am, therefore I must be poore ;  
 Fortune bestowes her riches most on fooles.

Greate Kinge of Bees, w<sup>ch</sup> rightest euery wronge !  
 Listen to Patience in her dying Song.

I canoñ feede on fenell, like some flies,  
 Nor fly to euery flowre to gather gaine :  
 My apitte waights on my praices eyes,  
 Contented w<sup>th</sup> contempte & pleasede w<sup>th</sup> paine,  
 & yet expecting for a happy houre,  
 To be soe blessed but to suck one flower.

Of all y<sup>e</sup> greifes y<sup>t</sup> doe my patience grate,  
 Thers one y<sup>t</sup> freetteth in y<sup>e</sup> highest degree,  
 To see some Caterpilowes bread of late,  
 Cropping y<sup>e</sup> flowers y<sup>t</sup> shotal<sup>t</sup> sustaine y<sup>e</sup> Bee.  
 Yet smiled I ; for why, y<sup>e</sup> wisest knowes  
 Mothes ate y<sup>e</sup> Clothe, Cankers consumes y<sup>e</sup> Rose.

Once did I see by flying in the feild,  
 Foule beasts to brouse vpon the Lillies faire ;  
 Vertue nor beauty could noe succor yeld,  
 Alla provinder for Asses but y<sup>e</sup> ayre :  
     The partiall world of this takes little heede,  
     To give them flowres y<sup>t</sup> should on thistles feede.

Thus I alone must draine y<sup>e</sup> Egiptian flowers,  
 Finding noe savor, bitter sap they have ;  
 & seekes out rotten tombes of dead mens bones ;  
 & feede on Lathes growing by y<sup>e</sup> grave.  
     If this I cannot have, as haplesse Bee,  
     Wished Tobacco ! I will fly to thee.

What though I dye my Longs in deepest blacke ?  
 A mournefull habitt sutes a sable hearte.  
 What if thy fumes sound Memory doe cracke ?  
 Forgetfulness is fittest for my smarte.  
     O vertuous Fame ! let it be carv'd in oake,  
     Y<sup>t</sup> hopes, thoughts, words, & all the world is smoake.

Fiue yeares twise tould, w<sup>th</sup> promises perfumed,  
 My hope-stuft head was cast into a slumber ;  
 Sweete dreames of gould on dreames I then perfum'd,  
 Amongst the best though I had bine in number ;  
     But waking found Lusts, hopes, & all were vain !  
     'Twas not Tobacco stupified my braine.

THE foolish fish y<sup>t</sup> bites at euery bate,  
 & lights at last vpon y<sup>e</sup> hidden hooke,  
 If she escape & shun y<sup>e</sup> first deceipt,  
 In euery bate for like will euer looke,  
     & soe makes sure by wary watchfull eye,  
     To swim most close, & fishers fraude to flye.

## Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

The little birds y<sup>e</sup> lights on euery spray,  
 & neuer feares y<sup>e</sup> birders bad intent,  
 But hopes and playes till he become his praye,  
 At length, though late, is brought unto his bent;  
 But if she doe escape y<sup>e</sup> burder's hands,  
 She mounts aloft, full loath to light on land.

Thus fish, thus fowle, thus birds; thus euery beast,  
 By perills past are arm'd for afterclaps;  
 Though reason wants, experience at y<sup>e</sup> least  
 Of harmes forepast doth make beware such happs:  
 Though wisdome want those daungers to espie,  
 At length, though late, experience makes supply.

But I, yea I, alas! most Miser I,  
 Then fish more foole, then beasts more brutish am:  
 Though reason teach me daungers to discry,  
 & nature me w<sup>th</sup> witt and reason frame,  
 I bite the bate, & swallow downe the hooke,  
 I rashly run & leape before I looke.

Alas! I leape & light before I looke,  
 I run on rocks & daungers of dispaire;  
 & though I hap vpon y<sup>e</sup> hidden hooke,  
 & scap y<sup>e</sup> chaunce, yet nothing doth me feare:  
 Such folly doth possesse my frantique brain,  
 Where late I slipt, I headlunge fall againe.

Not reason's rule can curbe y<sup>e</sup> frantique fitt  
 W<sup>th</sup>in my minde, such foolish moccons prove  
 Noe wisdome soe can rule my wandring witt  
 To make her hold y<sup>e</sup> course y<sup>e</sup> best behoves:  
 Well then, y<sup>e</sup> grownd from whence my greife doth grow,  
 The fates I curse, for they have wrought my woe.

---

CEACE Sorrow, now! for thou hast done y<sup>e</sup> deede;  
 Loe Care hath now consumed thy Carcasse quite:  
 Noe hope can helpe, nor helpe can stand in steede,  
 For direfull death doth daunt my whole delight;  
 Yet while I heare y<sup>e</sup> towling of y<sup>e</sup> Bell,  
 Before I dye Ile singe this fainte farewell.

Fancy, farewell! whose love hath wrought my woe,  
 & farewell, woe! y<sup>t</sup> wearied hast my witts,  
 & farewell, witt! whome will bewitched soe,  
 & farewell, will! soe full of frantike fitts;  
 Beauty, farewell! whose love I feele soe sore;  
 & farewell, feeling! for I feele noe more.

And lyfe, adew! w<sup>ch</sup> I have liv'd & loath;  
 & farewell, love! which makes me loath my lyfe:  
 Oh love & lyfe, farewell unto you boath!  
 Twixt hope and fare, farewell, all foolish strife!  
 Folly, farewell! whome I have fancied soe;  
 & farewell, fancy! worker of my woe.

If I would thinke how these my thoughts to leave,  
 Or thinking still my thoughts to have an end;  
 If rebell sence would reason's law receive,  
 Or reason foyl'd would not in vaine contend;  
 Then might I thinke what thoughts are best to thinke:  
 Then might I wisely swim or gladly sinke.

If either you would chaunge yo<sup>r</sup> cruell hearte,  
 Or cruell still tyme would yo<sup>r</sup> beautie change;  
 If from my soule this love woulde soone departe,  
 Or if for love some love I might obeyne;  
 Then might I hope a change or ease in minde,  
 By yo<sup>r</sup> good meanes all in myselfe to finde.

But since my thoughts in thinking still are spent  
 W<sup>th</sup> reasons strife, my sence is ouerthrowne ;  
 You fairer still, & still more cruell bent,  
 I lovinge still a love that loveth none ;  
 I yeld & striue, I kiss & curse the paine,  
 Though reason, sence, tyme, you & I maineteyne.

---

MY LOVE & I for kisses played ;  
 She would keepe stakes, I was content ;  
 But, when I woone, she would be payed ;  
 Which made me aske her what she meant ;  
 Nay, then, quoth she, is this your wrangling vaine ?  
 Give me my stakes, take you your stakes againe.

---

*"Rosa Lilium."*

I LE tell you whence the Rose did first grow red,  
 And whence the Lilly whitenesse borrowed ;  
 You blusht, & then the Rose w<sup>th</sup> red was dight ;  
 The Lilly toucht yo' hands, & grew soe white ;  
 Untill that tyme the Rose had but a staine,  
 The Lilly nought of whitenesse did retaine ;  
 You have the native coul<sup>r</sup>, these the dye  
 Which only flourish in your Liverye.

---

In a mayden time profest,  
 Then wee say y<sup>e</sup> life is best ;  
 Tasting once y<sup>e</sup> married lyfe,  
 Then we only praise the wife ;

There's but one state more to try,  
 Wh<sup>m</sup> makes wemen laugh or cry ;  
 Widdow, Widdow, of y<sup>e</sup> three,  
 Y<sup>e</sup> midles best, & y<sup>t</sup> give me.

Cupid is an idle toye,  
 Neuer was there such a boy ;  
 If there were, let any shew,  
 Or his quiver, or his bowe,  
 Or a wound by him they got,  
 By a broken arrow shot :  
 Mony, Mony makes to bow ;  
 That's y<sup>e</sup> only Cupid now.

Whilst the world continued good,  
 & men lov'd for flesh & blood,  
 Men aboute them bore y<sup>e</sup> darte  
 That did nim a womans harte ;  
 & y<sup>e</sup> women greate & small,  
 \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* catcht the men,  
 That was y<sup>e</sup> only Cupid then.

---

TRANSFORMED mine eyes, but none transform'd my heart,  
 I cease to striue, w<sup>th</sup> duble conquest foyld ;  
 For woe is me, my howers all I finde  
 W<sup>th</sup> outward force & inward fury spoyld.

For from w<sup>th</sup>out come to mine eyes that blow,  
 Where to mine inward thoughts did fancy yeld,  
 Boath these conspir'd poore reasons ouerthrow ;  
 Falce in myself, thus haue I lost my feild.

Thus are mine eyes still captive to one sight,  
 Thus all my thoughts are slaves to one thought still;  
 Thus reason to his servants yields his right,  
 Thus are my powres transformed to yo<sup>r</sup> will.

What marvaile then, I seeke, & serue, & sue,  
 Since what I see, thinke, know, is all but you?

---

In vaine, mine eyes! you labour to amend  
 W<sup>th</sup> flowing teares yo<sup>r</sup> fault of hasty sight,  
 Since to my hearte her shape you soe doe sende,  
 That her I see, though you did loose yo<sup>r</sup> light.

In vaine, my hearte! (now you w<sup>th</sup> sight are burn'd)  
 W<sup>th</sup> sighs you seeke to coole yo<sup>r</sup> hott desire,  
 Since sighs into mine inward furnace turn'd,  
 For bellowes serve to kindle more y<sup>e</sup> fire.

Reason! in vaine (now you haue lost my hearte)  
 My head you seeke as to yo<sup>r</sup> strongest forte,  
 Since there mine eyes haue playd soe false a parte  
 Y<sup>t</sup> to yo<sup>r</sup> strength yo<sup>r</sup> foes haue since resorte.

Then since in vaine I finde where all my strife,  
 To this strange vaine I yeld both death & lyfe.

---

CARE! thou y<sup>t</sup> nourishest thy selfe ore bolde,  
 W<sup>th</sup> Feare encreasing still, & soone dost gaine  
 Creditt to thy suspicons, whilst chill-cold  
 Thou minglest w<sup>th</sup> a hot & burning Flame;  
 By w<sup>ch</sup> thou all y<sup>e</sup> kingdomes of mild Loue  
 Dost trouble heavy make, & too much moue.

Since thou soe seone vpon my sugred sweete.  
 Hast mixt thy bitter drags, hence from my hearte  
 Turne backe to Cocitas & to those Ices deepe,  
 Those sad & woefull waters full of smarte;  
 Pack hence to Hell, thou worse then Hellish elfe!  
 There vepe, tormt, & gawle thine inward selfe.

There w<sup>th</sup>out rest plong thy wearied days,  
 There let y<sup>e</sup> nights w<sup>th</sup>outen sleepe be spent,  
 There torture still & greive thyselfe (alwayes)  
 As well w<sup>th</sup> doubtfull as sure punishm<sup>t</sup>;  
 Fret thine owne bowells forth, stampe, stare, be mad,  
 Be euer heauy, neuer blith, nor glad.

Dispatch! begon! why feircer then before  
 & far more stronger then thou wontst to be  
 (Since venum thine to poyson me y<sup>e</sup> more  
 Through euery veine disperced is in me)  
 Dost thou returne (afresh) in shadowes new,  
 Y<sup>e</sup> more to make me still to waile & rew?

CARE, y<sup>e</sup> consuming canker of y<sup>e</sup> mind,  
 The discord y<sup>t</sup> disorders sweethearts tunes,  
 Th' abortine bastards of a Cowards kinde,  
 The light-foote lackie y<sup>t</sup> runs post to death,  
 Denouncing worst to him y<sup>t</sup> is his frende.

MEN dye, & humaine kinde doth passe away;  
 Yet Care, y<sup>t</sup> makes them dye, doth eu<sup>r</sup> stay.

SUSPECT bewrayes o<sup>r</sup> thoughts, betayes o<sup>r</sup> words,  
Wounds hearts like swords, & nought but greife affords.

---

NATURE, Creacons Laws, is iudgd by sence,  
Not by y<sup>e</sup> Tyrant Conscience;  
Then o<sup>r</sup> condission gives vs leave to do  
What youth & pleasure prompts vs to;  
Else we might question Heavens great decree,  
& tax it w<sup>th</sup> a kinde of Treachery,  
If things made sweete to tempt y<sup>e</sup> Appetite  
Should w<sup>th</sup> a guilt staine the delight.  
Higher powers rules vs, o<sup>r</sup>selves can nothing doe:  
Who made vs Love made it be lawfull too.  
It was not love, but Love transformt to Vice,  
Ravisht by envious Avarice,  
Made weomen first inappropriate, all were free,  
Inclosures mans invencions bee:  
In th' auncient law noe accon could be found  
For Trespass on my Neighbours ground:  
'Twas just w<sup>th</sup> any Faire to mix o<sup>r</sup> blood;  
Y<sup>e</sup> best is most defusive good.  
She y<sup>t</sup> confines her beames to one mans sight  
Is a darke lanthorne to a glorious light.  
Say, does y<sup>e</sup> springe lesse chast appeare  
'Cause many thirsts are quenched there?  
Or haue you nott w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> same Oderr mett  
When more haue smelt the Violet?  
Though incense to y<sup>e</sup> mortall Gods be ment,  
Yet mortalls rivall in the sent.  
Man is y<sup>e</sup> Lord of Creatures, yet wee see  
Y<sup>t</sup> all his Vassalls Loves are free.

Y<sup>e</sup> tender Wedlockē fettters doe not binde  
 Y<sup>e</sup> Pardes inflam'd & amorous mind,  
 But y<sup>t</sup> hé may be like a Bridegrome ledd  
 Euen to y<sup>t</sup> Royall Lions bedd.  
 The Birds may for a yea're their Loves confine,  
 But make new choyce each Valentine.  
 If or' affeconns then more servile be  
 Then are our Slaves, where is mans' Soveraignty ?  
 Why then be pleasing more should you lesse please,  
 Or spare y<sup>or</sup> sweetenesse, being more sweete then these ?  
 If y<sup>t</sup> freshe trunke haue sapp enough to giue  
 Y<sup>t</sup> each inserted branch may liue,  
 The Gardiner grafts not only Apples there  
 But adds y<sup>e</sup> Warden & the Peare ;  
 The Peach & Apricot togeth' grow,  
 The Cherry & y<sup>e</sup> Damson too,  
 Till he hath made by skillfull husbandry  
 An entire Orchard of one tree.  
 Soe lest o<sup>r</sup> Paradice perfeccon wante,  
 We may as well inoculate as plant.  
 What's Conscience but a Beldams midnight theame,  
 Or nodding Nurses idle dreame,  
 So faint as are y<sup>e</sup> Goblins, Elues & Faryes,  
 To watch their Orchards & their Dayryes ?  
 For who can tell when first her raigne begun ?  
 — State of Inocency was none ;  
 & since large Conscience (as y<sup>e</sup> Proverbe shewes)  
 In y<sup>e</sup> same sence w<sup>th</sup> bad one goes,  
 The lesse y<sup>e</sup> better then whence it will fall :  
 'Tis too pfect to have none at all.  
 Suppose it be a Virtue & a pure,  
 'Tis not for Springe or Somer sure,

## Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

Nor yet for Autume, Loue must haue his prime,  
 His warmer heates & harvest tyme.  
 Till we haue flourishst, growne & reapt o<sup>r</sup> blisses,  
 What Conscience dare oppose o<sup>r</sup> kisses?  
 But when tymes coulder hand leades vs neare home,  
 Then let y<sup>e</sup> Winter vertue come;  
 Frost is till then pdigious, we may doe  
 What sprightly youth & pleasure prompts vs too.

---

### *Of Cupid.*

ALL his body is a fire,  
 & his breath a flame intire;  
 Wheresoere his arrowes misses,  
 He will shoothe himselfe in kisses;  
 At his sight y<sup>e</sup> same was turnd,  
 Neptune in y<sup>e</sup> waters burnd,  
 Hell hath felt a greater heate,  
 Jove himselfe forsooke his seate;  
 From the Centre to y<sup>e</sup> skie  
 Are his Trophies raised high.

---

### *An Epitaph on a beautifull youth w<sup>ch</sup> dyed being borne blinde.*

VENUS hath lost her Cupid, & desires  
 Y<sup>e</sup> Graces ayde to seeke him for his fires;  
 Being longe absent, y<sup>e</sup> greate Paphion queene  
 Hides her sad luster, & noe more is seene  
 In her full glory; they with weary feete  
 Seeke y<sup>e</sup> wanton fugitive, & greete

This louely boy: for Cupid him they tooke,  
Resembling Citherea's archers looke;  
& that the drooping moth' they might cheere,  
Plac't him i'th' Zodiac, next to Venus' speare.

---

- Verses of a double sence.

LAWERS themselves maineteyne | y<sup>e</sup> comon weale:  
They punish | such as doe offend & steale;  
They free w<sup>th</sup> subtil arte | the Inocent  
From any daunger, loose of punishment;  
They can but will not save | y<sup>e</sup> world in awe,  
W<sup>th</sup> any false or misexpounded law;  
They euer haue great store | of Charitie,  
& loue they wante | not, keeping amitie.

---

A LOCKESMITH of o<sup>r</sup> Parish dyed of late,  
W<sup>ch</sup> sure by this tyme is at heauens gate;  
And there he stands, & will not knock,  
Because he doth intend to pick the lock.

---

Two lawers did in freindship lately jarr,  
And each co<sup>m</sup>mitte his sute at Bachus barr;  
The Jury was pints, qarts, & pottle potts;  
Which, like to desperate hot comounding shots  
Brought in their verdict; w<sup>ch</sup> noe sooner past,  
But straight the lawers they themselues were cast.  
S<sup>r</sup> Burdeaux Claret & Seigneour Canary  
Did mounting shoote vp with a cerciorary;

But then a procedendos force was able  
 To throw one Lawer vnderneath the table.  
 The other thought it needfull to demurr,  
 Slept in the chimney, cause he could not stir.  
 And thus though Westminster make clyants stoope  
 The Lawers case was here turnd at the hooke.

---

*On Dr Anions wives lute.*

PRETTY Lute! when I am gone  
 Tell thy M<sup>r</sup>. here was one  
 That in his hearte would be contente  
 To play \* \* \* \*

*Her answer.*

PRETTY Lute! when I am gone  
 Tell thy M<sup>r</sup>. here was one  
 That in hir hearte would be contente  
 To be at his commaundement.

---

REST awhile, you cruell carés!  
 Be not more severe then love:  
 Beauty kills & beutie spares,  
 & sweete smiles sad remove.  
 Laura, faire Queen' of my delight!  
 Come, graunite me loue in Loves despight;  
 And if I euer faile to honor yee,  
 Let this heavenlye sight I see  
 Be as darke as hell, as me.

If I speake, my words want waight;  
 Am I mute, my hearte doth breake;  
 If I sigh, she feares deceite:  
 Sorrow then for me must speake

Creuell vnkinde! w<sup>th</sup> favor vew  
 Y<sup>e</sup> wound y<sup>t</sup> first was made by you ;  
 And if my torments faigned be,  
 Let this heavenlye sight I see  
 Be as darke as hell, as me.

Neuer hower of pleasing rest  
 Shall revive my dying ghost,  
 Till my soule hath reposest  
 Y<sup>e</sup> sweete hope w<sup>ch</sup> love hath lost.  
 Laura! redeeme y<sup>e</sup> soule y<sup>t</sup> dyes  
 By fury of thy murdering eyes ;  
 And if it proves vnkind to thee,  
 Let this heavenlye sight I see  
 Be as darke as hell, as me.

In sorrowes Cell I layed me downe to sleepe,  
 But waking woes were jealous of mine eyes :  
 They made them watch, & bound themselves to weepe ;  
 But weeping teares, their want could not suffice ;  
 Yet sith they wept for her who guides my hearte,  
 They weeping smile, & triumph in their smarte.

Of these my teares a fountaine fircely springs,  
 Where Venus bathes herselfe incenst w<sup>th</sup> Love,  
 Where Cupid bouseth his faire fethered wings ;

But I beheld w<sup>t</sup> paines I must approve.  
 Care drinks it dry ; but when on her I thinke,  
 Loue makes me weepe it full vnto the brink.

Meanewhile my sighs yeld truce unto my teares ;  
 By them y<sup>e</sup> winds encrease & fercely blow ;  
 Yet when I sigh y<sup>e</sup> flame more plaine appeares,  
 & by their force w<sup>th</sup> greater power doth glow.

Amidst these paines all Phoenix like I thrive,  
Sith love y<sup>t</sup> yelds me death my life revive.

---

TURNE I my lookes vnto y<sup>e</sup> skies,  
Love with his arrowes wounds mine eyes ;  
If soe I looke upon y<sup>e</sup> ground,  
Love then in euery flovre is found ;  
Search I the shade to fly my paine,  
He meetes me in y<sup>e</sup> shade againe ;  
Wende I to walke in secret grove,  
Even there I meete w<sup>th</sup> sacred love ;  
If soe I bath it in y<sup>e</sup> spring,  
Even on y<sup>e</sup> brink I heare him sing ;  
If soe I meditate alone,  
He wil be partner of my moane ;  
If soe I morne, he weepes w<sup>th</sup> mee,  
& where I am there will he bee ;  
When as I talke of C\_\_\_\_\_,  
Y<sup>e</sup> God from coynesse waxeth kinde,  
& seemes in selfe same flames to fry,  
Because he loves as well as I  
Sweete C\_\_\_\_\_, for pity rue  
For why then love I am more true.  
He, if he speede, will quickly fly,  
But in thy loue I'le liue and dye.

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END OF THE FIRST SECTION.

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# Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

## THE SECOND SECTION.

THE contents of this division are taken from different unpublished manuscripts, described in the introductory notices to each poem.

### A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

[Whilst these pages were going through the press, the editor met with a rare old tract, printed in the fifteenth century, entitled *Tractatus Sancti Bonaventure doctoris seraphici Cardinalis et episcopis albanens. DE QUATUOR EXERCICIIS*; the fly-leaves of which were occupied by the following old poem, written in a very early hand, and apparently coeval with the date of the volume itself. He conceived it to be curious enough to deserve a place in the present collection, and, with considerable trouble, succeeded, after various fruitless attempts, in transcribing it: some difficulties, however, even to the last, prevented his being able to decypher a few of the words, which are left blank in the printed copy; but that the reader may himself decide upon those difficulties, a fac-simile is inserted of the lines in which they occurred; and if he be curious in such matters, there is scope for his fancy and room for his judgment. The editor might have supplied those omissions with conjectural elucidations, but this, where so much doubt prevailed, he did not feel himself inclined to.—The contractions of the original MS. and also the Saxon characters, are preserved with exact fidelity.]

## Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

Dispare þe nogt haw eū þu leue,  
 Gytye m'cy is yn þi faderse possescyon,  
 Clayme h' for þi erytage by reson,  
 & þu schált haue h' to þi mede ;  
 ffor any stronge temptacion þt fallit þe on,  
*Mist'at þe neu' mā for þi mysdede.*

## 2

I ame þi fad'r þt sittyt in trone,  
 I se þe lowe vnd'r my feete,  
 I wrorppyd yn synnys ful many on,  
 I mygt ofte smyte whane I þe dret,  
 Ofte mygt I þe into payins gete,  
 ffor pety I spare, woldist þu take hede ;  
 To se my wonds at reuful plete,  
*Mist'ste þe neu' mā for thi mysdede.*

## 3

I bade þe sake for \_\_\_\_\_ I wolde,  
 I bade þe seche & I walde save,  
 I bade þe t'ste & make þe bolde,  
 Aske of þy broth'r & þu schalt hawe ;  
 Vnkynde þu arte mā me to \_\_\_\_\_,  
 Syth þu woldyst nogt wē I þe bede ;  
 \_\_\_\_\_ þy on fote wepeful ney \_\_\_\_\_,  
*Mist'ste þe neu' mane for þy mysdede.*

## 4

hit greuit me more of cainys myschif  
 Ðaine þe kylling of Abel þt was good ;  
 hit displesyd me more þt Judas was lost  
 þane syllyng þt he schold me to þe Rode ;  
 pylat & Erawde þt were so wode  
 my m'cy to ham nold I neu' forbede,  
 w't stond stond no man as þay w'stode ;  
*Mist'ste þe neu' mā for þy mysded.*

5

I wold rader daye a gane  
 thane on drope of my m<sup>c</sup>oy wer fond drye,  
 hit is ful \_\_\_\_\_ to suffre Payne;  
 To sawe a saule eu<sup>r</sup> lastyngly  
 I haue ful pore & mastry;  
 A kyngs h word schal stand i sted;  
 Wy fleiste þ<sup>u</sup> mane for þ<sup>v</sup> foly?  
*Mist ste þ<sup>e</sup> neu<sup>r</sup>.*

6

loke vp to þ<sup>e</sup> crosse, & se a þeue  
 for onys axynge m<sup>c</sup>cy he gotte \_\_\_\_\_,  
 And also paule þ<sup>t</sup> dyd me grete rep've,  
 A worthy postel aft' ward he was;  
 mary maudlyn axyd m<sup>c</sup>cy for her trespass,  
 And pet<sup>r</sup> forsoke me iij tymys for drede,  
 Ho ys more worthy w<sup>t</sup> yn my plase?  
*Mystryst the neu<sup>r</sup> mā for thy mysdede.*

7

Loke vpp to heuyn, & see a mayde  
 off thyne owne kynrede, ycrownyd a quene,  
 yff y be crewyll sche wolle euyll a payde,  
 ffor bretheryn & systryng bothe we byne;  
 Sche ys my mother, yther here not tene,  
 Yff y be off her m<sup>c</sup>oy take hede;  
 Sche woll not leue the lyghtly as y wene,  
*Mystryst the neu<sup>r</sup>.*

8

my mother sche fallythe a downe to me,  
 and cryyth for man that lyythe yn synne & care;  
 And y to my father fall yn kne,  
 y schewe hym my wonds, & my body bare;

## Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

He mygthe worne the m<sup>c</sup>cy there,  
 Thogff deth were by the, yet scholdis y spedē  
 In wele & yn wo how y<sup>t</sup> eu<sup>t</sup> thow fare,  
 Synne thow not apon trest for þ<sup>t</sup> ys.drede;  
*qui peccat in spe p<sup>c</sup>at in spū sto.*

9

Wen that my mother her brests to me dyd schew,  
 Y wote well sche fedde me, & my mother sche ys;  
 Than myst y redly my m<sup>c</sup>cy forth drawe,  
 w<sup>t</sup> stondyng off any rythwysenes;  
 Soche a weked mā þ<sup>t</sup> hast i blisse,  
 scho wotefel well wat ys dort ned,  
 marcy for þ<sup>t</sup> wel scho naȝt mysse;  
*Mist<sup>-st</sup> þ<sup>e</sup> new<sup>r</sup> for þ<sup>y</sup>.*

10

Wat lakkt þ<sup>e</sup> man? now wolte þ<sup>u</sup> more?  
 And þ<sup>u</sup> hawe mynd here is Socoure;  
 And þ<sup>u</sup> be Iloste telle one by fore,  
 We know<sup>t</sup> þy gou<sup>n</sup>nans in eury oure;  
 D duell y<sup>t</sup> i p<sup>c</sup>son, here is þy boure;  
 Come home agene, & take here þy mede,  
 In heuene blyse w<sup>t</sup> moche honore;  
*And ne myst<sup>-st</sup> þ<sup>e</sup> new<sup>r</sup> mā for thy myeded.*

---

*In praise of a good minde.*

[Transcribed from an old MS. written ante 1591, *A treatise entytuled the treasure of a good mynde: famyliarlie written to a frinde by Rychard Denys esquier*; concerning which see *British Bibliographer*, vol. ii. p. 56, and *The Legend of Mary and other Ancient Poems*, 1810, p. 158.]

WHAT thinge of greater price  
 On earth maye any fynde,  
 What gould or ryches may compare  
 Wyth vertu of the mynde?  
 The mynde doth still possesse  
 In Man a kinglie place,  
 And guydes the steppes of mortall wightes,  
 And rules in everye case ;  
 So that yf that the mynde  
 To ought addicted be,  
 What parte of man doth not obey,  
 And thereto doth agree?  
 Who that can rule his mynde  
 And thynks all pleasures vayne,  
 How greate a Lorde is he in thoughte,  
 How princelie doth he raigne!  
 No worldie wealth cann move  
 His mynde synne to obeye,  
 No force compell him once to yeeld  
 Vnto his owne decaye.  
 To vanquish all delighte  
 That vertu hath in hate,  
 A good well ordred mynde doth seeke,  
 And twice a happie state.

## Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

No yll can happe to mann  
     But by the myndes consent;  
 No vice doth grow whereas the mynd  
     To vertu still is bent.  
 All pride to him is ruyne,  
     Humyltie is joye;  
 In Charitie is his delight,  
     And envie his anoye.  
 Yf Anger ryse in thought,  
     Repentance doeth ensue;  
 And pacience, through his victorie,  
     Receyves his honor due.  
 All Avarice he takes  
     To be his mortall foe,  
 And doth esteeme it pouertie,  
     Thoughe fewe esteeme it so.  
 To lyve in meane estate  
     Is chieffie his delighte,  
 And thinkes that mediocritie  
     Is Ryches in his sighte.  
 All glottony he takes  
     As foolyshnes to be,  
 And euermore sobrietie  
     Wyth wysdome to agree.  
 Volupteousnes he hates,  
     W<sup>ch</sup> Idlenes doth breed,  
 And doth beleve that chastitie  
     Shall see the Lord indeede.  
 From slowth, the roote of vice,  
     He danielie seekes to flee,  
 And takes all good industerie  
     A vertu for to be.  
 In worldlie ioy sometyme  
     A sorowe doth he fynde,

And in the greatest sorow hath  
Most comfort of the mynde.  
Affliction being sente  
By suffering, though w<sup>th</sup> paine,  
He makes it to himself no grief,  
But turnes it to his gayne.  
Though worldlie wealth he want  
That many hath at wyll,  
Yet still his mynd forbids him crave,  
And seeke to do no ill.  
And to conclude, the mynde  
That vertu doth embrace,  
May soone suppresse all wycked thoughts,  
And ioy in happie case.  
Yf any maner wighte  
Be any waye ill bente,  
By vertu of his mynd he maie  
Turne from his ill intente.  
Yf any maner grieve  
Doe mvch oppresse the mynde,  
The mynde itself may cure itself,  
And remedye may finde.  
Now will I saie no more,  
But he that doeth enjoy  
So good a mynd, so greate a grace,  
May lyve w<sup>th</sup>out anoye.

*finis.*

*In the praise of vertu.*

[This is also taken from the same MS. volume as the last.]

WHO wyll ensue the statelie steppes  
 That mountes to honor hie,  
 And doth entende wyth fame to lyve  
 And after mounte the skie,  
 Lett him first clymbe the loftie hill  
 Whereon dame Prudence syttes,  
 Wyth watchfull eye there to behould  
 All things that chieflie fyttes,  
 To know and see and to ensue  
 The partes of noble wyttes.  
 Wyth prudence there shall he perceyve  
 That Justice syttes in sighte,  
 W<sup>th</sup> sworde in hand and ballance eke,  
 To yeeld to each a right,  
 And force that breakes the piller strong  
 And yeelds to no myschaunce,  
 But constantly can well subdue  
 Herself & eke advance ;  
 And temperaunce, that measure keepes  
 And modestie doth vse ;  
 Thes worthie ladies all are such  
 As noble myndes shuld choose.  
 Who hath bin therfore trayned vp  
 In lady learnings lore,  
 And treads the path of vertu right,  
 As some hath done before,  
 Lett him thes ladies all embrace  
 And seeke their friendlie ayde,  
 By whome they may to honor come  
 And neede not be dysmayde.

The mynde that beastlie beares the shew  
    Of ryches to atteyne,  
And doth preferre such worldlie trashe  
    Before all honors gayne,  
Lett him from honor be exempte  
    And counted worldlie wise,  
And lett them that haue noble mynds  
    To honor that waie ryse.  
For vertue is the onelie meane  
    This honor to atteyne,  
Wythout the w<sup>ch</sup> the glyttering gould  
    And all things else are vayne.  
He that by vertu honor seekes  
    And hath her for hys guyde,  
By it may well assure himself  
    To stand when others slyde.  
Who vauntes therfore of ryches greate  
    Therby to winne the hate  
Of many to atteyne the same  
    Lyves in vnhappy state;  
But who that vertu doth embrace,  
    And honor doth maynteyne,  
Is worthy prayse among the best,  
    How ever be his gayne.  
Such none lett vaunt himself, therfore,  
    That bragges of Mydas joye,  
Who could not quench his thirst w<sup>th</sup> gould,  
    W<sup>ch</sup> was his chief annoy.  
To tread the steppes of vertu then  
    Lett all things else goe bye:  
Who still doe kepe a noble mynde  
    His treasure there may lie.  
She is the crowne of worthie fame,  
    The comfort of the soule,

A wight that shines aboue the rest  
     That no law can controll.  
 No grief or carefull case at all  
     Can make her once to drowpe,  
 No prosperous state lyft vp her head,  
     No fortune make her stowpe.  
 No vayne abused hope, no gayne,  
     Or vaunting glorie greate,  
 Can once remove her from her place  
     Where she hath made her seate.  
 No fearefull happenes or doubtfull chaunce  
     Can make her once afayde,  
 Who can by no meanes suffer harme,  
     Nor yet can be dysmayd.  
 Come rushing in who lyst in hast,  
     When others start aside,  
 And rounes away for sodaine fear,  
     Dame vertu will not hide.  
 When Atropose doth shake his darte,  
     She hath no cause to feare:  
 No threatning plagues or doubt of death  
     Can make her chaynge her chere.  
 She onely doth defende the mynde  
     From thoughtes of wycked synne,  
 And doth subdue them at the fyrst,  
     As soone as they begynne.  
 She doth reioyce the inward man  
     W<sup>th</sup> sweete and pleasaunt ioyes,  
 And dryves awaye all worldlie cares  
     W<sup>ch</sup> be her chief anoyes.  
 She onely doth subdue the rage  
     And staies the furie greate  
 Of all affections of the mynde  
     In their most chieffest heate.

She causeth man to leade his lief  
In joyfull happie state,  
And by her may procure himself  
Both good and happie fate.  
By her is perfyt pleasure woone,  
W<sup>th</sup> ioye of inward mynde:  
Yf thou seeke prayse by due desert,  
By her thou shalt it fynde.  
Yf thou seeke after happie lief,  
A happie death to die,  
By her thou maist atteyne thereto  
And after mount the skie.  
Loe thus is vertu of the mynde  
The Juell of this life,  
The onelie stae of happie state,  
A gyft that is not ryef.  
And as the glyttering gould doe shine,  
From forge all fined new,  
So doe they shine aboue the rest,  
That vertu doth ensue.

*finis.*

---

*Johnny Cock.*

A Scottish Ballad.

[“The reverend Mr. Boyd, the ingenious translator of Dante, has a faint recollection of a ballad called *Johnny Cox*.” Ritson’s *Historical Essay on Scottish Song*, p. xxxvi.]

JOHNNY COCK, in a May morning,  
Sought water to wash his hands;  
And he is awa to louse his dogs,  
That’s tied wi Iron bans,  
That’s tied wi Iron bans.

## Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

His coat it is of the light Lincum green,  
 And his breiks are of the same;  
 His shoes are of the American leather,  
 Silver buckles tying them,  
 Silver buckles &c.

'He' hunted up, and so did 'he' down,  
 Till 'he' came to yon bush of scrogs,  
 And then to yon wan water,  
 Where he slept among his dogs,  
 Where he slept &c.

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

Johnny Cock out-shot a the Foresters,  
 And out-shot a the three;  
 Out-shot a the foresters,  
 Wounded Johnny aboun the bree,  
 Wounded Johnny &c.

Woe be to you, foresters!  
 And an ill death may you die,  
 For there would not a wolf in a the wood,  
 Have done the like to me,  
 Have done &c.

For 'twould ha' put its foot in the coll water,  
 And ha strinkled it on my bree;  
 And gin that would not have done,  
 Would have gane and lett me be,  
 Would have gane &c.

I often took to my mother  
The dandoo and the roe;  
But now I'll take to my mother  
Much sorrow and much woe,  
Much sorrow &c.

I often took to my mother  
The dandoo and the hare;  
But now I'll take to my mother  
Much sorrow and much care,  
Much sorrow &c.

Fifteen foresters in the braid a low,  
And they are wondrous fell;  
To get a drop of Johnny's heart bluid,  
They would sink a their souls to hell.

Johnny Cock has gotten word of this,  
And he is wondrous keen:  
He custan off the Red scarlet,  
And on 'wi' the linkum green;

And he is ridden oer muir and muss,  
And over mountains high,  
Till he came to yon wan water;  
And there Johnny Cock did lie.

He's taen out a horn from his side,  
And he blew both loud and shrill,  
Till a the fifteen foresters  
Heard Johnny Cock blaw his horn.

They have sworn a bluidy oath,  
And they swore all in one,  
That there was not a man among them a,  
Would blaw such a blast as yon.

## Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

And they have ridden oer muir and muss,  
     And over mountains high,  
 Till they came to yon wan water,  
     Where Johnny Cock did lie.

They have shotten little Johnny Cock  
     A little above the ee;

\*

For doing the like to me.

There's not a wolf in a the word  
     Woud 'ha' done the like to me,  
 'She'd ha' dipped her foot in coll water,  
     And strinkled above my ee.

And if I would have waked for that,  
     'She'd ha' gane and let me be.

But fingers five, come here!  
     And faint hearted fail me neught;  
 And silver strings, value me sma things,  
     Till I get all this vengeance rowght!

He ha shot a the fifteen foresters,  
     Left never a one but one;  
 And he broke the ribs a that anes side,  
     And let him take tiding home.

They have ridden oer muir and muss,  
     And over mountains high,  
 Till they met wi 'an' old palmer  
     Was walking along the way.

What news, what news, old palmer!  
     What news have you to me?  
 Yonder is one of the proudest wed sons  
     That ever my eyes did see.

\* \* \* a bird in a the wood  
Could sing as I could say;  
It would go in to my mothers bows,  
And bid her kiss me, and take me away.

---

The editor has found amongst his papers the ensuing ballad, but from whence he obtained it, his recollection fails in assisting him to ascertain. He believes, however, from circumstances, that it must be old, although the particular reasons which induced him to form such an opinion are now forgotten: at any rate, its insertion here, as it fills up what would else be a vacant space, can do little harm.

THERE was an old couple, and they were poor,  
Fa la, Fa la la lee!  
They liv'd in a house that had but one door;  
Oh! what a poor couple were they.

The old man once he went far from his home,  
Fa la, &c.  
The old woman afraid was to stay alone,  
Oh! what a weak woman was she.

The old man he came home at last,  
Fa la, &c.  
And found the windows and door all fast;  
Oh! what is the matter? quoth he.

Oh! I have been sick since you have been gone,  
Fa la, &c.  
If you'd been in the garden, you'd heard me groan;  
Oh! I'm sorry for that, quoth he.

I have a request to make unto thee,  
Fa la, &c.  
To pluck me an apple from yonder tree.  
Aye that will I, marry, quoth he.

The old man tried to get up in the tree,  
Fa la, &c.  
But the ladder it fell, and down tumbled he ;  
That's cleverly done, said she.

---

**END OF THE SECOND SECTION.**

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## Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

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### THE THIRD SECTION.

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#### FROM SCARCE PRINTED BOOKS.

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##### *Platonick Love.*

[From the *Loyal Garland*, 1686, a volume of extraordinary rarity, belonging to Francis Freeling, Esq. considered by Beloe, vide his *Anecdotes*, to be unique.]

FOND Lovers! what do you mean;  
To court an idle folly?

Platonick Love is nothing else  
But meerly Melancholly;  
Tis active Love that makes us jolly.

To dote upon a face,  
Or court a sparkling eye,  
Or to believe a dimpled chin  
Compleat felicity,  
Tis to betray your liberty.

She cares not for your sighs,  
Nor your lamenting eyes,  
She hates to hear a fool complain  
And cry, he dyes, he dyes;  
Believe she loves a close surprize.

Then be no more so fond  
 As to think a Woman can  
 Be satisfied with complements,  
 The frothy part of a man:  
 Oh no! she hates a Puritan.  
 Then venture to embrace;  
 Tis but one squeak or two:  
 I'm confident no woman lives,  
 But sometimes she will do:  
 The fault lies not in her, but you.

---

*The merry Bells of Oxford.*

[From the same volume.]

On the merry Christ-Church Bells!  
 One, two, three, four, five, six;  
 They troul so wondrous deep,  
 So woundy sweet,  
 And they chimé so merrily, merrily.  
 Hark! the first and second Bell  
 At e'ry day, by four and ten,  
 Cries, come, come, come, come, come to Prayers;  
 And the Vergers troop before the Deans.  
 Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, goes the little Bell,  
 To call in e'ry Soul;  
 But the devil a Man  
 Will leave his Can,  
 Till they hear the mighty Toul.

---

Song.

[From *The New Academy of Complements.*]

If any so wise is  
That Sack he despises,  
Let him drink his small Beer and be sober:  
Whilst we drink Sack and Sing,  
As if it were Spring,  
He shall droop, like the trees in *October*.  
But be sure over-night,  
If this Dog do you bite,  
You take it henceforth for a warning;  
Soon out of your bed,  
To settle your head,  
Take a hair of his tail in the morning.  
And be not so silly,  
To follow old *Lilly*,  
For there's nothing but Sack that can tune us:  
Let his *Ne assuescas*,  
Be put in his Cap-case,  
And sing *Bi-bi-to Vinum Je-junus*.

---

Song.

[From the same volume.]

THE Morning doth waste;  
To the Meadows let's haste,  
For the Sun doth with glory shine on them;  
The Maidens must rake,  
Whilst the Hay-cocks we make,  
Then merrily tumble upon them.

The envy of Court  
 Ne'r aims at our sport,  
 For we live both honest and meanly.  
 Their Ladies are fine,  
 But to *Venus* incline;  
 And our Lasses are harmless and cleanly.  
 Then let us advance  
 Our selves in a Dance,  
 And afterward fall to our labour;  
 No measure we mete,  
 Nor Musick so sweet  
 To us, as a Pipe and a Tabor.

---

*Dialogue Pastoral, Strephon and Phillis.*

[From the same volume.]

*Phil.* *Strephon*, what envious cloud hath made  
 All o're thy Face, this sullen shade?

*Streph.* It is the Index of my grief.

*Phil.* But say, admits it no relief?

Thy now neglected Flock doth stray,  
 The VWolf securely takes his prey,  
 And thy discarded Pipes lie by,  
 VWhilst thou under some Beach does lie,  
 Or Mirtle in the shady Grove,  
 And sigh'st and pin'st like one in love.

*Streph.* Ah! *Phillis*, thou hast toucht me now:

I can't my Passion disavow;  
 And that word Love my Heart does rise,  
 And with it strangely sympathize.

*P.* But who did thus your Heart surprize?

S. It was the Shepherdess, whose Eyes  
Are brighter far than any Ray  
The Sun disclosed on May-day.

P. VVho was it *Strephon*? Tell me true.

S. Ah! dearest *Phillis*, it was You.

P. Strive not, false Shepherd, to decisive  
A Nymph too easie to believe  
A Passion which she likes so well :  
Such falsehood would deserve a Hell.

S. May the Gods for whom fat Lambs I feed,  
That on their smoaking Altars bleed,  
All my devoutest Prayers despise,  
And all my humble Sacrifice;  
Or what's a greater Curse, may I  
Find nought from thee but Cruelty,  
If I do love my *Phillis* less  
Than my own greatest Happiness.  
If truth doth not in *Swains* reside,  
VVhere is she in the VWorld beside?

*Phil.* I can't distrust so lov'd a truth,  
Deliver'd by so sweet a Youth.

*Ch.* Let's join our hands and hearts, and we'll out-vie,  
*Of two.* The Gods themselves with our felicity.

*Cho.* Let those that in deceitful Courts do dwell,  
*Cho.* Delay their Joys, and tedious suits pursue,  
*Voic.* Our honest words their courtship far excel:  
'Mongst unambitious Shepherds love is true.

## Song.

[From the same volume.]

At dead low ebb of night, when none  
 But great *Charles's* wain was driven on;  
 When mortals strict cessation keep,  
 To re-recruit themselves with sleep,  
 'T[w]as then a Boy knockt at my Gate,  
 Who's there, say I, that calls so late?  
 Oh! let me in, he soon reply'd:  
 I am a Child; and then he cry'd,  
 I wander without Guide or light,  
 Lost in this wet, blind, Moonless night.  
 In pity then I rose,  
 And straight unbarr'd my door and sprang a light;  
 Behold, it was a lovely Boy! a sweeter sight  
 ————— Ne're blest my eye.  
 I view'd him round, and saw strange things,  
 A Bow, a Quiver, and two Wings;  
 I led him to the fire, and then  
 I dry'd and chafed his hands with mine;  
 I gently press'd his tresses curles,  
 Which new falm rain had hung with Pearls.  
 At last, when warm, the youngster said,  
 Alas, my Bow! I am afraid  
 The string is wet; pray Sir, let's try  
 My Bow. On that, do, do, say I.  
 He bent, and shot so quick and smart,  
 As through my Liver reach'd my Heart;  
 Then in a trice he took his flight,  
 And laughing said, my Bow is right:  
 It is, oh! 'tis, for as he spoke,  
 'Twas not his Bow, but my heart broke.

---

Song.

[From the same volume.]

COME, Jack ! Let's drink a Pot of Ale,  
And I shall tell thee such a Tale,

VVill make thine Ears to ring :  
My Coyn is spent, my Time is lost,  
And I this only Fruit can boast,

That once I saw my King.  
But this doth most afflict my mind :  
I went to Court in hope to find  
Some of my Friends in place ;  
And walking there, I had a sight  
Of all the Crew; but by this light !

I hardly knew one Face.  
S'life! of so many noble Sparks,  
Who on their Bodies bare the Marks  
Of their Integrity,  
And suffered ruin of Estate,  
It was my base unhappy Fate,

That I not one could see.  
Not one, upon my life ! among  
My old acquaintance all along,

At Truro and before.  
And I suppose the place can show,  
As few of those whom thou didst know

At York, or Marston-More.  
But truly there are swarms of those  
VVhose Chins are Beardless, yet their Nose,  
And backsides still wear Muffs ;  
VVhilst the old rusty Cavalier  
Retires, and dares not once appear,  
For want of Coyn and Cuffs ;

*Pieces of Ancient Poetry.*

VWhen none of those I could deserv,  
 VWho better far deserved than I,  
     I calmly did reflect :  
 Old Servants they, by rule of State,  
 Like Almanacks grow out of date,  
     VVhat then can I expect ?  
 Troth ! in contempt of Fortune's frown,  
 I'll fairly get me out of Town,  
     And in a Cloyster pray,  
 That since the Stars are yet unkind  
 To Royalists, the King may find,  
     More faithful Friends than they.

---

*Song.*

[From the same volume.]

I MARVEL, Dick ! that having been  
 So long abroad, and having seen  
     The VWorld as thou hast done,  
 Thou shouldst acquaint me with a tale,  
 As old as *Nectar*, and as stale  
     As that of Priest or Nun.  
 Are we to learn what is at Court,  
 A Pageant made for Fortune's sport,  
     Where Merits scarce appear ?  
 For bashful merit only dwells  
 In Camps, in Villages, and Cells ;  
     Alas ! it comes not there.  
 Desert is nice in its Address,  
 And merit oft-times doth oppose

Beyond what Guilt would do ;  
But they are sure of their Demands  
That come to Court with Golden Hands,  
    And brazen Faces too.  
The King indeed doth still profess  
To give his Party soon redress,  
    And cherish honesty ;  
But his good *wishes* prove in vain,  
Whose Service with the Servants gain  
    Not always to agree.  
Ah ! Princes, be they never so wise,  
Are fain to see with other eyes,  
    But seldom hear at all ;  
And Courtiers find their Interest  
In time feather *well* their Nest,  
    Providing for their fall.  
Our comfort doth on him depend,  
Things *when* they are at *worst* will mend ;  
    And let us but reflect  
On our Condition t'other Day,  
*When none but Tyrants bore the sway,*  
    What did we then expect ?  
Mean while, a calm Retreat is best ;  
But Discontent, if not suppress,  
    May breed Disloyalty.  
This is the constant Note I'll sing :  
I have been faithful to my King,  
    And so shall live and die.

---

*Catch, or Song.*

[From the same volume.]

**POMPEY** was a mad-man, a mad-man,  
*Pompey* was a mad-man, a mad-man was he ;  
 So long he was a glad-man, a glad-man,  
 So long he was a glad-man, and a glad-man was he,  
 Till *Cæsar* from *Pharsalia*, routed his Batalia,  
 'Cause he was a madder, a madder far than he.  
 Then be thou mad, and I mad, and mad let us be ;  
 And the Devil himself shan't be madder than we.

---

*Song.*

[From the same volume.]

**POOR Celia** once was very fair,  
 A quick bewitching Eye she had,  
 Most neatly look'd her braided Hair,  
 Her dainty Cheeks would make you mad :  
 Upon her Lips did all the Graces play,  
 And on her breasts ten thousand Cupids lay.

Then many a doting Lover came,  
 From seventeen to twenty-one ;  
 Each told her of his flame ;  
 But she, forsooth, affected none :  
 One was not handsom, the other was not fine,  
 This of Tobacco smelt, and that of Wine.

But th'other day it was my fate  
To pass along that way alone ;  
I saw no Coach before her Gate,  
But at her door I heard her moan,  
And drop'd a tear, and sighing seem'd to say,  
Young Ladies, marry, marry whilst you may !

---

*Song.*

[From the same volume.]

How severe is forgetful old Age,  
To confine a poor Lover so,  
That I almost despair,  
To see even the Man,  
Much more my dear *Damon*, hey ho !

Though I whisper my sighs out alone,  
I am trac'd so wherever I go,  
That some treacherous tree  
Hides this old Man from me,  
And he counts every Hey ho !

How shall I this *Argus* blind,  
And so put an end to my woe ?  
For whilst I beguile  
All his Frowns with a smile,  
I betray myself with a Hey ho !

My restraint then, alas ! must endure,  
So that since sad my Doom I know,  
I'll pine for my Love,  
Like the Turtle Dove,  
And breath out my Life in Hey ho !

---

From Skelton's *phillip sparowe*, 12<sup>mo</sup> Marshe 1568.

THOUGH I can rede and spell,  
 Recount, report, and tell  
 Of the tales of Caunterbury,  
 Some sad storyes, some merry;  
 As Palomon and Arcet,  
 Duke Theseus and partelet,  
 And of the wife of bath,  
 That worketh much scathe  
 Whan her tale is told  
 Among huswiues bold,  
 How she controld  
 Her husbandes as she wold,  
 And theim to dispise  
 In the homeliest wise,  
 Bring other wiues in thought  
 their husbandes to set at naught;  
 And though that red haue I  
 Of Gawen and syr Guy,  
 And tel can a great peece  
 Of the golden fleece,  
 How Jason it wan  
 Like a valiaunt man;  
 Of Arturs round table,  
 with his knighthes commendable,  
 And dame Gaynour hys Quene,  
 was somewhat wanton I wene;  
 How syr Launcelote de Lake  
 Many a speare brake  
 For hys Ladyses sake;  
 Of Tristrom, and kyng Marke,  
 And al the whole warke

Of bele I sold his wife,  
For whom was much strife ;  
Some say she was lyght,  
And made her husband knyght.  
Of the common hall  
That cuckoldes men call ;  
And of sir Libius  
Named Discouius ,  
Of quarter fylz Amunde,  
And how they were sommond  
To Rome, to Charlemayne,  
Upon a great payne.  
And how they rode, each one  
On Bayard Mountsibon,  
Men se him now and then  
In the forest Arden ;  
What though I can frame  
The storyes by name  
Of Judas Machabeus ;  
And of Cesar Julius ;  
And of the loue betwene  
Paris and viene ;  
And of the duke of Hannyball,  
That made the Romaynes all  
For drede and to quake ;  
How Scipion did wake  
The citie of Cartage,  
Which by his vnmerciful rage  
He beat down to the ground ;  
And though I can expound  
Of Hector of Troy,  
That was al theyr ioye,  
Whome Achilles slue,  
Wherfore all Troy did rue ;

**Pieces of Ancient Poetry.**

And of the loue so hote  
That made Troylus to dote  
Upon fayre Cresseye,  
And what they wrote and sayd,  
And of their wanton wils,  
Pandaer bare the byls  
From one to the other,  
His maisters loue to further ;  
Somtime a precious thyng,  
An ouche, or els a ryng,  
From her to him agayn ;  
Somtime a prety chain,  
Or a bracelet of her heare,  
Prayed Troylus for to weare  
That token for her sake,  
How hartely he did it take,  
And much therof did make ;  
And al that was in vayne  
For shee did but fayne,  
The story telleth playne ;  
He could not obtayne,  
Though his father wer a king,  
Yet there was a thyng,  
That made the male to wryng ;  
She made him to sing  
The song of louers laye ;  
Musing night and daye,  
Mourninge al alone,  
Comfort had he none,  
For she was quite gone ;  
Thus in conclusion,  
She broughte him in abusion,  
In earnest, and in game,  
She was much to blame,

Disparaged is her fame,  
And blemished is her name,  
In maner half with shame;  
Troylus also hath lost  
On her muche loue and cost,  
And now must kisse the post;  
Pandara that went betwene  
Hath won nothyng I ween  
But light for soimer greene,  
Yet for a speciall laud  
He is named Troyllous baud,  
Of that name he is sure  
Whiles the world shal dure.  
Though I remembre the fable  
Of Penelope most stable,  
To her husband most trew,  
Yet long time she ne knew  
Whether he were on liue or ded;  
Her wit stode her in sted,  
That she was true and iuste  
For anye bodelye luste  
To Ulices her make,  
And neuer wold him forsake.  
Of Marcus Marcellus  
A grosses I could tel vs;  
And of Anteocus;  
And of Josephus  
*De antiquitatibus*;  
And of Mardocheus;  
And of great Assuerus,  
And of Uesca his Queene,  
Whome he forsoke with teene;  
And of Hester his other wife,  
With whom he led a pleasaunt life;

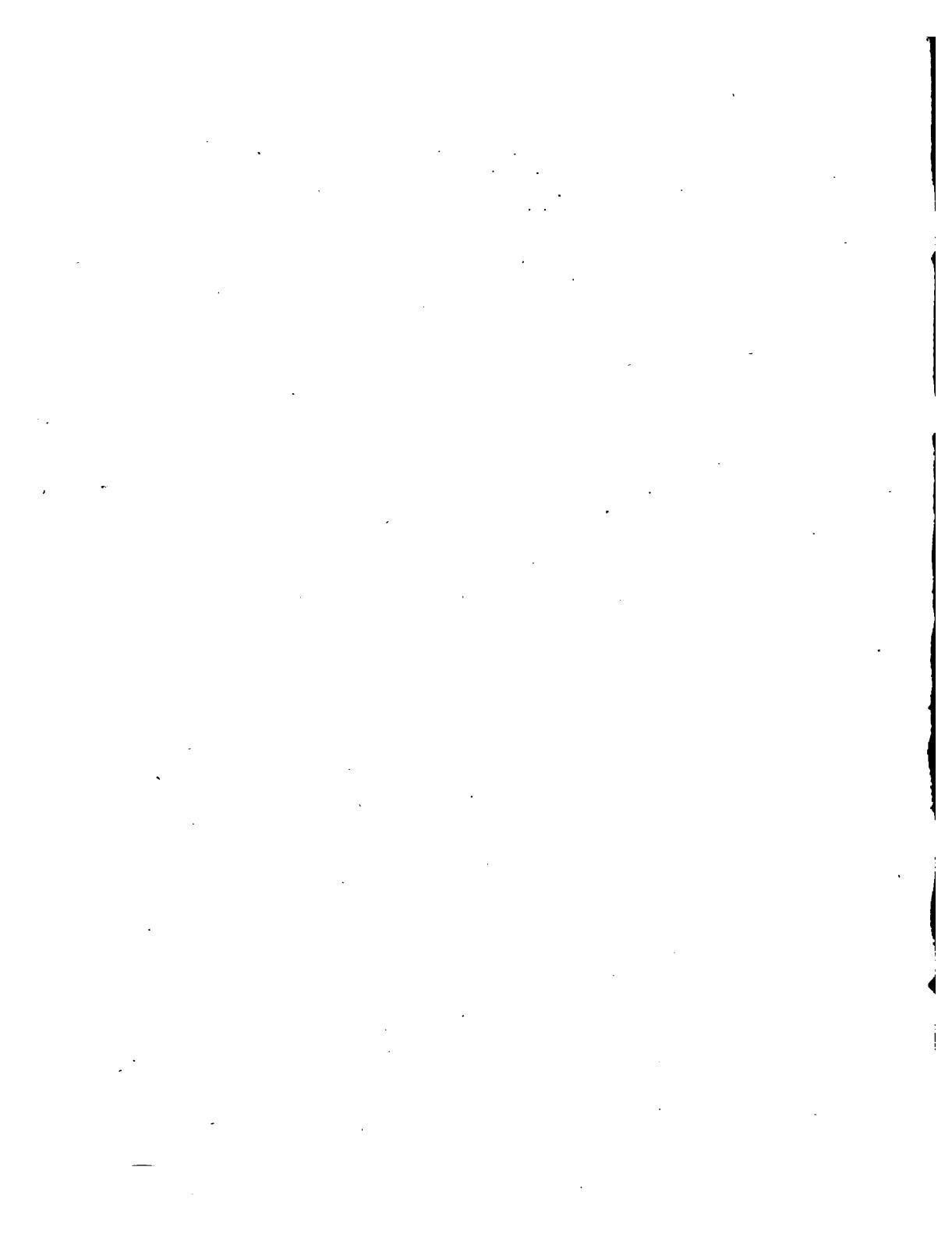
## Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

Of kyng Alexander;  
 And of kyng Euander;  
 And of Porcena the greate  
 That made the romains to smarte.  
 Though I haue enrold  
 A thousande newe and old  
 Of these historyous tales  
 To fil bougets and males,  
 With bookees that I haue red;  
 Yet I am nothyng sped,  
 And can but lytle skyl  
 Of Ouid, or Vergil,  
 Or of Pluthorke,  
 Or of Frsunces Petrarke,  
 Alcheus, or Sapho,  
 Or suche other Poetes moe  
 As Linus, and Homerus,  
 Enphorion, and Theocritus,  
 Anacreon, an Arion,  
 Sophocles, and Philemon,  
 Pindarus, and Dimonides,  
 Philiston, and Phorocides,  
 These Poetes of auncientie,  
 They are to diffuse for me.

\* \* \*

Gowers englyshe is olde,  
 And of no value is tolde,  
 His matter is worth gold,  
 And worthy to be enrold.  
 In Chauser I am sped,  
 His tales I haue red,  
 His mater is delectable,  
 Solacious, and commendable;  
 His englishe wel allowed,

So as it is emprowed,  
For as it is employed,  
There is no englyshe voyd;  
At those dayes muche commended,  
And now men wolde haue amēded  
His englishe, where at they barke  
And marre all they warke;  
Chaucer, that famous Clarke,  
His tearmes were not darcke,  
But pleasaunt, easy, and playne,  
No worde he wrote in vayne;  
Also Jhon Lydgate  
Wrytteth after an hyer rate,  
It is diffuse to fynde  
The sentence of his mind,  
Yet wryteth he in his kind;  
No man that can amēnd  
Those maters that he hath pend;  
Yet some men finde a faut,  
And say he wryteth to haut.



## NOTES.

Page 1, line 2. SOON after this transcript was made, an account of the manuscript was drawn up for insertion in the *British Bibliographer*, and sent to the editor of that work.

— 11. Having no other knowledge of these very scarce poetical miscellanies than through the medium of the *Censura Literaria*, the *British Bibliographer*, and *Hawkins' History of Music*, it was thought unnecessary to indicate what pieces in this volume had been printed therein, as such a reference must have been incomplete.

— 3, — 21. This stanza is of difficult construction, and its explanation is left to the reader.

— 4, — 1. This stanza is also printed exactly as it stands in the original *MS.* but is obviously corrupt.

— 4, — 24. The reading of this line is far preferable in the *Censura Literaria*; but I have not chosen to deviate from my *MS.* authority.

— 5, — 7. This is strikingly similar to the following couplet:  
Blande puer! lumen quod habes concede sorori;  
Sic tu cœcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus.

— 6, — 17. Watson was rather an earlier writer than Shakespeare; and George Steevens characterizes him "as a more elegant sonneteer" than the Warwickshire bard. This praise has been questioned, and I think with just criticism, in an article upon his 'Passionate Centurie of Love,' in the *British Bibliographer*. He was, however, a poet of considerable eminence in his day, and not quite undeserving of notice now. The present little piece contains strong thoughts forcibly expressed. It may be observed that at page 91 of *The Phænix Nest*, 1598, a miscellany to which Watson was a contributor, there are 18 lines descriptive of *Jealousy*.

Page 7, line 1. These lines would seem to be the germ of a small poem by Dr. Donne, who, although celebrated by his contemporaries, has long been deservedly forgotten; which Mr. Ellis has given as an example of that metaphysical writer's productions, though it be like shewing a single brick as a specimen of a house.

Should it be thought that too strong a censure is here conveyed upon one whom Pope and Cowper have combined to praise, and whose works have been admitted into Mr. Chalmers's *Corpus Poetarum*, still I shall not wish to moderate it. I think that Pope was induced to modernise his Satires, from motives which, although neither honourable to his candour or his love of truth, were quite distinct from any belief in their merit. Cowper, there can be no doubt, was influenced by his relationship to the old Dean; and Chalmers, probably, preserved such worthless trash from deference to the authorities that had preceded him. Donne never can be admired, nor ever obtain a second perusal from any mind imbued with the slightest particle of taste, or fancy, or feeling.

Having written thus far, a friend to whom it has been shewn, thinks that a censure is apparently conveyed upon a work which, above all others, has largely contributed to form a correct and judicious sentiment on the subject of our early poetry; and it is with pleasure that I explain what was certainly not meant in the sense which he says will be imputed to it. In stating that the pieces of Dr. Donne, selected by Mr. Ellis for his work, would not give a correct idea of his general composition, I did not wish or intend to impute any blame to *him*, whose object it clearly was (an object too that is effected with most praiseworthy and fascinating judgment) to collect beautiful blossoms from plantations over-run with weeds of a noxious and imperished existence. What poetical reader is there that has not perused Mr. Ellis' volumes? and who that has not acknowledg'd with gratitudo the taste and genius of their compiler?

— 7, — 5. *to tawe a jigg.*] I have no doubt, after seeing the ensuing passage, of having mistaken the word in the manuscript:

As if wise Solomon should tawe a jigge;  
Or mighty Hercules goe whip a gigge.

*Plantagenet's Tragical Story, 1649, page 26.*

Page 7, line 7. A Spanish figg.] This phrase has met with ample illustration in the last variorum edition of *Shakspeare*, xii. 397, to which the curious and inquisitive reader is referred.

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10.

Cowards die many times before their deaths ;  
The valiant never taste of death but once. *Shakespeare.*

— 9, — 23. In Tottell's *Miscellany* is a song, once very popular, commencing

I lothe that I did love.

— 11, — 1. The horrible and disgusting detail of the crimes, for the commission of which this wretched man perished by the hands of the executioner, is registered in the *State Trials*.

— 12, — 20. *Each Troylus hath his Cresed.*] The mention of these personages was very frequent in poetical works of the reign of Queen Bess : seven instances occur in Proctor's *Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, and two in Robinson's *Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, as well as several in *The Paradise of Dayntie Devices*, and *Skelton's Poems*. It was this frequency of allusion, perhaps, that induced Shakspeare to write his drama on the subject.

— 21. *Thy well ordred lockes are longe.*] In reprobation of this fashion it was that a writer of the name of Hall was loudly energetic in a treatise called *The Loathsomnesse of Long Haire*, 1653 ; we do not learn, however, that his pious endeavours were effectual. The following curious dialogue, for the knowlege of which I am indebted to Mr. Gilchrist, is a parody upon an admired song of Carew's,

Ask me no more where Jove bestows.

and may appositely be submitted to the reader's attention.

*Dialogue between Captaine Long-haire and Alderman Short-haire.*

C. L. Ask me no more why I do waire  
My haire so far below myne eare :  
For the first man that e'er was made  
Did never know the Barber trade.

A. S. Aske me no more where all the day  
The foolish owle doth make her stay ;

Tis in your locks, for, tak't from me,  
She thinks your haire an Ivy tree.

C. L. Tell me no more that length of haire  
Can make the visage seem less fair:  
For know, how'ev'r my hair doth sit,  
Im sure that yours comes short of it.

A. S. Tell me no more men wear long hair  
To chase away the coldest ayre;  
For by experience we may see,  
Long hair will but a backwind be.

C. L. Tell me no more that long hair can  
Argue debostness in a man;  
For 'tis religious, being inclined  
To keep the Temples from the wind.

A. S. Tell me no more that Roarers waire  
Their hair extent below their ear:  
For having morgaged theyr land,  
They'd faine obscure th' appearing band.

C. L. Ask me no more why hair may be  
Th' expression of gentility;  
Tis that which, being largely grown,  
Derives its pedigree from the Crown. *Harl. MS. No. 6396.*

Page 15, line 7. *When many a tall ship rides, a sudaine blast*

*Strikes of the brauest topsaile from the mast.]* A well-depicted allusion to the unforeseen approach of a storm at sea, is to be met with in *Plantagenets Tragical Story*, 1649, and extracted in *Bibliographical Memoranda*, 4to. No. 2.

— 14. *W. H.] Qu.* Will. Habington, a new edition of whose works has lately been published.

— 18, — 21. The blank is occasioned by a word which could not be ascertained in the original MS.

— 19, — 11. *I soe.] Is soe.*

— 20, — 26. *Licke to a pleasant dreame when one awakes,*  
*The pleasures vanish w<sup>ch</sup> the fancy makes.]* A writer in Proctor's *Gorgious Gallery* has, with far less elegance, written

*The weary and long night  
Doth make me dreame of thee;*

And still me thinks with sight  
 I see thee here with mee :  
 And then with open armes  
 I strayne my pillow softe,  
 And as I close mine armes,  
 Mee thinkes I kisse thee oft.  
 But when at last I wake,  
 And finde mee mockte with dreames ;  
 Alas ! with moane I make,  
 My teares run down like stremes.

Page 21, line 7. *To y<sup>e</sup> tune of 'Whoope! doe me noe harme, good man.'*] The only other vestige remaining of this old song, is in Ford's *Fancies, Chaste and Noble*, Act iii. sc. 3, where Secco sings 'Whoope! do me no harm, good woman.' I suspect this last word is a misprint.

— 8. The editor hesitated for some time whether he ought not rather to have rejected this ballad, than by insertion subject himself to censure. Its curiosity, as an historical allusion to the calamitous death of Sir Thomas Overbury, decided upon its preservation, and not either the delicacy or decency of the language. It was scarcely possible indeed to descant on such a subject, more particularly in a satirical composition, without using expressions which the purity of modern refinement would condemn. That the editor was not instigated by choice to retain it, must be evident from his having omitted upwards of a dozen pieces from the manuscript-volume, which omission indeed has been before alluded to, on account of their impropriety.

It may be cursorily observed that the very gross allusions which I have not ventured to enlarge upon in any notes, will meet ample elucidation, by a perusal of the memoir-writers who form the *Secret History of James the First*, lately published at Edinburgh in 2 vols. 8vo. a work which may with confidence be recommended to the reader, as comprising a very satisfactory commentary upon that wretched driveller's reign.

— 26. *There was a good Earle.] Robert Devereux, earl of Essex*

— 27. *Had gott a young girle.] Frances, countess of*  
*M 2*

Essex, whose abandoned profligacy of attachment for Carre, earl of Somerset, led to the poisoning of Overbury.

Page 22, line 16. *There was a younge Lord.]* Robert Carre, earl of Somerset.

\_\_\_\_\_ 22. *He had a sweete freind.]* Sir Thomas Overbury.

\_\_\_\_\_ 24. *Sweete Sr Jervice.]* Sir Gervaise Elwes, Lieut. Gov. of the Tower.

— 23, — 1. *But this little Matron*

*Would needes have this Patron,*

*A Patron of Ignoramus.]* This may probably refer to the representation of Ruggle's humorous Comedy, at Cambridge; and if so, would indicate Carre's having interested himself in its success, upon the solicitation of his wife, evidently alluded to as 'this little Matron,' who was present, as we gather from a curious letter descriptive of King James's visit to the University, and written by an eye-witness, one John Chamberlain, whose account, dated March 16, 1614, is preserved in *Miscellaneous State-Papers from 1501 to 1726*, 4to. Lond. 1778.

\_\_\_\_\_ 4. *Now Weston & Herne*

*& Turner.]* Weston and Mrs. Turner were prominent actors in this bloody tragedy; but of Herne's name I have discovered no other trace.

\_\_\_\_\_ 11. The grossness of the expression in this ballad renders it liable to a similar objection with the last. The obscurity of some passages, and the difficulty of ascertaining its allusions, were also against preserving it; and, more in compliance with the opinions of others than his own, the editor has suffered it to remain.

\_\_\_\_\_ 13. *Along y<sup>e</sup> ditch by Grayes.]* Of this ditch by Gray's Inn, I do not trace any notice, either in Stow's *Survey* or Pennant's *Account of London*.

— 24, — 13. *To Morefields se you come.]* Some curious notices of these fields are contained in a note by Dr. Nott, to his late edition of *Decker's Gulls Horn-Book*, page 48. See also Stow's *Survey of London*, fol. 1633.

Page 24, line 20. *I onely beare y<sup>e</sup> bell.] So in Sir Walter Raleigh's Poems, 4to. 1814, page 10:*

And methinks my true love *bears the bell*  
For clearness, for clearness,  
Beyond the Nymphs that be so bright.

Proctor's *Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, edit. 1814, page 56:

Her freend, that ment her well  
Out of conceyt is quite ;  
While other *bearers* away *y<sup>e</sup> bell*,  
By hitting of the white.

— 25, — 1. I am strongly inclined to conjecture that this poem is an allegory designed by some disappointed courtier in the reign of James the First, and not improbably by Sir Walter Raleigh, during the incarceration which, notwithstanding his gallant services, was imposed upon him by the worthless successor of Elizabeth. If this supposition should appear in any degree correct, it will not be lessened by the internal evidence of the poem itself, which, whilst it contains numerous allusions to Sir Walter's history, is not unworthy the talents of that great and heroic ornament of his age. The difficulty of conveying a concealed sense makes it somewhat obscure; but the thoughts are those of a strong mind and forceful expression, not at all inapplicable to the character of him whom I am willing to believe the author. The King of Bees may well be supposed to designate James, who was usually termed, however unworthily, the British Solomon; and the application to the insect of wisdom is so strong, as to render the supposition very probable. The allusions to Tobacco, of which herb Raleigh is generally considered as the discoverer, are remarkable; and in the last stanza,

Five yeares twise tould, wth promises perfumed,  
My hope-stuft head was cast into a slumber,

may be considered as applying to the date of his imprisonment, in like manner as the succeeding line,

Sweete dreames of gould on dreames I then perfumed,  
may refer to the expectations of a rich discovery across the Atlantic, by

the hopes of which he obtained, from the cupidity of James, his temporary release from confinement.

The Caterpilowes of the tenth stanza, it is likely, are intended for those who, in the preceding reign, having been his inferiors in rank and station, had, under James, superseded him in both, and in the good graces of the monarch.

It may be observed that the late edition of the poems of this ill-fated cavalier is incomplete, inasmuch as it takes no notice of two commendatory pieces before Lithgow's *Pilgrim's farewell*, Edinburgh 1618, signed *Ignoto* and *W. R.*; nor of a poem, which is certainly by him, prefixed to Sir Arthur Gorges' translation of Lucan, 1614. The reason, however, of this last being omitted, is perfectly well understood.

Page 25, line 1. *sillie Bees.*] This epithet is inaptly applied to so industrious an insect; but Owen Roydon, in Proctor's *Gorgeous Gallery*, has 'the seelly bees,' which Mr. Park expatiates, *silly*.

— 27. *Whilst on ye Eglantine ye rest repose.*] In the *Paradise of dayntie devises*, the following line occurs, page 53:

*The Eglantine for pleasure oft is pricked upon the poste.*

— 26, — 19. *I canot feede on fenell.*] This plant has a bad character in two early poetical collections, viz. Robinson's *Pleasant delites*: *Fenel* is for flatterers, an *evil thing* it is sure.

*Paradise of dayntie devises*:

*The Fenell to, that is more fitt, for some unfriendly gest.*

— 28, — 17. *I bite the bate, & swallow downe the hooke:*

*I rashly run, & leape before I looke.]* A writer in the *Handfull of pleasant delites*, by Clement Robinson, gives this caution:

*Flie baites, shun hookes;*  
*Be thou not snarde with lovely looks.*

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*First look, then leap,*  
*In suretie so your skinnes you keepe.*

— 30, — 13. “*Rosa Lilium.*”] There is a pretty poem, the idea of which is the inverse of this, in Crompton's *Pierides, or the Muses Mount*, 1658.

Page 33, line 3. *Turne backe to Cocitus, & to those Ices deepe.] In Skelton's Pithy, pleasaunt, and profitable workes, 1568, 8vo:*

By the stygiall flode, And the stremes wode,  
Of *Cocytus botomless* well.

— 35, — 26. A word wanting in the original *MS.*

— 37; — *Verses of a double sence.] The way in which these must be read, will be obvious from the marks which separate the concealed sense.*

— 24. *Sr Burdeaux Claret & Seigneour Canary.] In the Loyal Garland, 1686, sig. F 1, is a humourous little piece, called Canarys Coronation, in which the wines here mentioned, are similarly personified.*

Who shall be King? how comes the thing  
For the which we all are met?  
Claret is a Prince that hath long since  
In the Royal Order set.

Let us never think of a noble drink,  
But with notes advance on high:  
Lets proclaim good Canarys name,  
Heaven bless his Majesty.

Four pages further on, they are laughably applied to a description of beauty :

For her lips are two brimmers of Claret,  
And her eyes are two cups of Canary.

We gather from the frequent and numberless allusions to these wines, in the writings of our old poets, that they were the favourite drink of our forefathers. Canary, under the denomination of Sack, was almost universally drank in the time of Shakspeare, as his commentators have satisfactorily ascertained.

— 38, — 20. A word, not decypherable in the original *MS.*

— 41, — 8. *A Christmas Carol.] As far as the editor may be permitted to judge of the composition of this curious old poem, he understands it to be written in the character of Jesus Christ addressing a repenting Sinner. The archaisms will be explained in the Glossary at the close of the volume.*

[Page 50, line 19. *When Atropose doth shake his darte.*] In Proctor's *Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, page 54 :

I hate this lothsome life;

O Atropos! draw me:

Upon which Mr. Park has this note : "Mr. Steevens thought that Pistol might allude to this passage in the second part of Henry IV. where he calls upon Atropos, in drawing his sword; but there are passages in several other poems to which he might as appositely be conjectured to allude, and one particularly in the *Mirror for Magistrates*:

What may boote to stay the sisters three,

When Atropes perforce will cut the thread?

The dolefull day was come &c.

*Compl. of the Duke of Buckingham.*

With submission to Mr. Park, there is no such appositeness of allusion in the passage which he has extracted. Pistol calls upon Atropos, in drawing his sword, and the writer in Proctor's *Miscellany*, also calls upon Atropos; and so far, as Mr. Steevens justly remarked, there is a striking similarity; but in the *Mirror*, Atropos is not invoked; and the only resemblance to be discovered is, that the word Atropos is in Mr. Park's quotation, and also in Pistol's exclamation. The several other instances I suspect to be the following, none of which are at all parallel to Shakspeare, as Mr. Park would intimate :

Wishing full ofte the Parcas had vntwinde

My vitall strings, or Atropose with knife.

*Mirror for Mag.* ed. 1610, p. 325.

I see with knife where Atropos doth stand.

*Ib.* p. 15.

Whose name shall florish still, though Atropos with spight,

In running from her develish den, bereave us of this light.

*Proctor's Gorg. Gall.* p. 105.

For this my breath, by fatal death,

Shal weave Atropos thread.

*Robinson's Pleasant Delites*, p. 44.

By the way, it may be observed upon a passage in Mr. Park's preface, where he says, "Of Thomas Proctor I do not trace any biographical

notice, nor do I recollect to have seen his name elsewhere," that Herbert has registered "*A worthy work, profitable to this whole kingdom. Concerning the mending of all high wayes; as also, for waters and iron works. By THOMAS PROCTOR esquier, and are to be sold at his house on Lambard hill, near old Fish street,*" quarto, without date, printed by Edward Alde. Mr. Park has omitted to notice that he wrote commendatory verses before Anthony Munday's *Mirror of Mutabilitie*, 1597, and also *Newes from the North*, 1579. Ritson thought that the initials T. P. affixed to a work "*Of the knowledge and conduct of warres,*" printed by Tottell in the same year with the *Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, referred to this Proctor; but that accurate antiquary must have been mistaken in the other work he mentions, which ought rather to be given to Paulfreyman.

Page 51, line 21. *Johnny Cock.*] This ballad is taken from a modern quarto manuscript purchased at Glasgow of Messrs. Smith & Son, in the year 1810, and containing several others, but written so corruptly as to be of little or no authority; appearing to be the text-book of some illiterate drummer, from its comprising the music of several regimental marches. It is only given in consequence of Ritson's mention of it, and in the hope of contributing to the recovery of a more ancient and correct copy.

— 52, — 1. *His coat it is of the light Lincum green.*] Skelton describes Elinour Rumming as having

Her huke of *Lyncole grene*.

Ritson has chastized the ignorance of some critic, who insisted that the Scotch corruption *Lyncum* did not refer to the town of Lincoln, which never was famous for its cloths as he asserted; but was an obsolete synonyme with *bright*.

— 59, — 16. *To follow old Lilly,  
Let his Ne assuescas*

*Be put in his Cap-case.*] This must allude to Lilly the astrologer, whose life and character is well known from the singular memoirs, conjointly published, of himself and Ashmole.

Page 62, line 1. Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges, in his *Excerpts Tudoriana*, has selected a translation of this celebrated ode of Anacreon by Stanley, and one of older date; but the four ensuing lines seem to me preferably written to either of them, and indeed to any other version which I have seen:

I led him to the fire, and then  
I dry'd and chafed his hands with mine:  
I gently pressed his treas'd turke,  
Which new falm rain had hung with Pearls.

— 4. [great Charles's wain.] It is unquestionable, from Ritson's note in the *variorum Shakspeare*, that this appellation is a corruption of churle or countryman's wain; and therefore the epithet of great is improperly prefixed: I suspect it to be foisted in by the compiler of the collection from which I have selected the poem, in order that it might be attached to Charles the First, as the measure is quite complete without it.

— 68, — 19. [Of Gawan and syr Guy.] A Scottish metrical romance, singularly curious, printed in Paskerton's *Ancient Scottish Poems*.

— 20. [And tel can a great pece  
Of the golden fleete.] *A Boke of the Hoole Lyf of Jason*, printed by Caxton, without date, and translated from the French of Raoul Le Fevre.

— 23. [of Arturs round table.] *A Book of the Noble hystoryes of Kyng Arthur and of certeyn of his knyghtes.* Caxton, 1485. This romance is about to appear, in a new edition, edited by Mr. Goldsmith.

— 25. [dame Gaynour his Quene,  
was somewhat wanton I wene.] The character of Guenever is elsewhere represented in the same manner. Holinshed says "she was evil reported of, as noted of incontinence and breach of faith to her husband."

— 27. [How syr Launcelote de Lake  
Many a speare brake  
For hys Ladyes sake.] See Dunlop's *History of Fiction*, i. 201.

Page 68, line 30. *Of Tristrom, and kyng Marke.]* Mr. Scott, in the Introduction and Notes to *Sir Tristrem, by Thomas of Erceldoune*, has exhausted the literature of this romance.

— 69, — 1. *Of bele I sold his wife.]* One scarcely recognizes in this uncouth appellation the fair Ysonde, the paramour of Sir Tristrem.

— 7. *And of sir Libius,*  
Named Disconius]: This romance is preserved in Ritson's valuable collection.

— 9. *Oþ quarter fylz Almaind.* The four sons of Aymon.

— 20. *And of Cesar Julius]* *Les Cróniques de Jule Cesar.* A very fine manuscript of the 15th century, of a Romance founded upon the History of Julius Caesar, with miniatures and illuminations, 2 vols. in the original binding, green velvet, £12 12s. It came from the collection of Claude d'Urfé, and formerly belonged to the Royal Library of France." Edwards' Catalogue for 1794, No. 1268.

— 22. *Paris and venie have thy story of the noble and ryght valgaunt and worthy knyght Peryand of the sayn Wyte.* Caxton, 1485.

— 70, — 6. *Pandareber the bylde.]* T. T. Thomson, in Robinson's *Handfull of Pleasant Deities*, alludes to Troilus receiving

the help of his friend Pandarus; and adds, "Pandarus, whose name has at length become proverbial in our language for one who administers to unlawful passion."

— 71, — 14. *Though I remembre the fable*  
*of Penelope most stible.]* An anonymous poet in Robinson's *Miscellany*, under the character of 'a constant lover,' declares

And for my part I vow  
to serve for termes of life:  
Which promise may compare with her,  
which was Ulysses wife.

And in Proctor's *Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, page 105.

Here wise Ulysses wyfe, whose chastnesse brued her fame,  
Should matched bee.

These passages are adduced, as marking the fondness of allusion to Penelope's story.

Page 72, line 1. *Of kyng Alexander,*  
*And of kyng Euander,*  
*And of Porcena the greate.] Vide Weber's Col-*  
*lection of Romances, vol. i. p. 1, and iii. p. 291.*

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25. Gowers englyshe is olde.

In Chauser I am sped.

Also Jhon Lydgate.] Skelton, in his *Crowne of Lawrell* also, expresses his admiration of this poetical trinity :

And as I thus sadly among them aduyed,  
I saw Gowēr y<sup>t</sup> first garnished our Englishe rude;  
And maister Chaucer that nobly entreprised  
How yt our englyshe myght freshlye be empowred;  
The monke of Bury than after them ensued,  
Dane John Lydgatē: these englyshe poetēs thre  
As I ymagined repayred vnto me.  
Together in armes as bretherne embrased,  
Their apparell farre passing beyond y<sup>t</sup> I can tell;  
wt diamates, & rubies their taberdeis were trasēd,  
None so richie stones in Turkey to sell;  
They wanted nothyng but the Laurell;  
And of their blōome they made me godly cheare  
In maner and forme as ye shall after here.

This 'maner and forme' consist of gratulatory notices of Skelton, by each of the three, with his separate acknowledgements, and close by their pointing him out 'to be protonotory of Fames courte.'

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**SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES.**

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Page 5.

An one ey'd boy borne of a halfe blonde mother,  
Unmatch'd in beauty savinge each to other;  
Sende her thy eye, faire boy; & she shall prove  
The queene of beauty, thou the God of Love.

This is paraphrased from an admirable little epigram, written on the occasion of Lois de Maguiron, who was the handsomest man of his age, and the favourite of Henry III. of France, having the misfortune to lose his eye at the siege of Isoire; and upon the Princess of Eboli, the mistress to Philip II. of Spain, an eminently beautiful woman, but who also was blind in one eye.

Lumine, Acton, dextra, capta est Lenilla sinistro.

Et potes est fonsas vincere uterque Deos.

Blonde puer! lumen quod habes concede sorori.

Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus.

Another version, but with inferior readings, is in a rare little miscellany, *Wits Recreations, selected from the finest Fancies of the Moderne Muses*, 1640. The information contained in this note is gathered from an article in *The Globe London Paper* for August 31, 1814.

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## Page 41.

By an additional and rigorous scrutiny into the *MS.* of this Carol, the following errors of transcription have been discovered. They will readily be overlooked by those who are at all acquainted with the difficulty of decyphering obscure and obsolete characters.

Stanza 1, line 2. t'sciali. The correctness of this is doubtful. Although the editor does not know with what word to supply its place.

_____ 4.	Gty <sup>e</sup> , should be Syt <sup>e</sup> . See Glossary.
_____ faderse,	read faderis.
_____ 2, — 2.	feete, — foote.
_____ 4.	dret, — drot.
_____ 3, — 4.	broth <sup>r</sup> , — bropt <sup>r</sup> .
_____ 7.	weateful, — were ful.
_____ 8, — 5.	He, — Ho.
_____ 9, — 2.	fedde, — fodde, which has the same meaning.
_____ 3.	redly, — nedly, i. e. from necessity.
_____ 10, — 3.	one, — ons, i. e. once.

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END OF THE NOTES.

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## Glossary.

**A**BUSION, p. 70. 'in abusion,' *into abuse*.

Alow, p. 53. 'braid alow,' *broad [or plain] below*.

Anoy, p. 46. *annoyance*.

Apon, p. 44. *upon*.

Appealeth, p. 9. *appalleth*.

A prosses, p. 71.

Attomies, p. 25. *atoms*: see note by Steevens, in Shakspeare, xx. 55,  
upon a line in *Romeo and Juliet*,

*Drawn with a team of little atomies.*

Bans, p. 51. *collars*.

Barke, p. 73. *complain*.

Boure, p. 44. *chamber, habitation*.

*To big his boure in winter-tyde.*

Laurence Minot's Poems, p. 35.

Bougets, p. 72. *from the Fr. bouquette; budget or pouch*, v. Cotgrave.

Bouseth, p. 39. *swilleth*: v. Cotgrave, *art. boire*.

Bows, p. 55. *house*.

Braid, p. 53. v. alow.

Bree, p. 52. *eyebrow*.

Breiks, p. 52. *breeches*.

Burse, p. 23. *Fr. bourse, a purse*.

Bush of scrogs, p. 52. *bush of thorns*: v. Jamieson.

By fore, p. 44. *before*.

*Ne a kundreth zere biforn.*

Minot, p. 12.

Byls, p. 70. *billets, or letters*.

Condon, p. 23. *knowing.*

Conster, p. 11. *construe.*

Custan, p. 53. *cast from him.*

Daye, p. 43. *die.*

Dort ned, p. 44. Qu. *through need, or necessity.*

*The lady red doth Cardewyle.*

Ritson's Romances, i. 214.

Dred, p. 44. *to be dreaded, or doubted.*

Dret, p. 42. Qu. *dreit, endured.*

Duell, p. 44. *dwelling.*

Dure, p. 71. *last.*

Emprowed, p. 73. *profited of.*

Erawde, p. 42. *Herod.*

Fleiste, p. 43. *fliest.*

Gyty<sup>e</sup>, p. 41. *an error in transcription for Syt<sup>e</sup>, since.*

Ham, p. 42. *them.*

Hawe, p. 44. *have.*

Heare, p. 70. *hair.*

Ho, p. 43. *who.*

Hopes, p. 28. *hops.*

Hystoryous, p. 72. *historical.*

I<sup>t</sup>sted, p. 43. *'i sted,' in place.*

In wele & yn wo, p. 44. *In well-being and in sorrow.*

Kisse the post, p. 71.

Lathes, p. 27.

Lyg<sup>ly</sup>, p. 43. Qu. *quickly.*

*Early in the mornynge the justice vprose,*

*To the gates first gan he gon,*

*And commaundede to be shut full cloce*

*Lightle everychone.*

Adam Bel, Clym of the Cloughe, and Wylyam  
of Cloudesle. Ritson, p. 11.

**Make,** p. 71. *husband*, v. Chaucer.

**Male,** p. 70. *Qu.* *messenger*.

**Males,** p. 72. *portmanteaus*.

*The lyng dude of his robe, furred with meneuere,  
And dooth on a borel of a squyer,  
And a light tabard, als I fynde,  
And truseth a male hym bishynde.*

Kyng Alisaunder, in Weber's Met. Rom. i. 227.

**Mastry,** p. 43. *force, power*.

**Mated,** p. 25. *confounded, dejected*.

**Meede,** pp. 10, 42. *reward*.

**Nagt,** p. 44. *not*.

**Ne knew,** p. 71. *did not know*,

**Nim,** p. 31. *to catch, from the Dutch, nimmen*.

**Nold,** p. 42. *would not*.

**Ocupie,** p. 24. v. Shakspeare, var. edit. xii. 88.

**On,** p. 43. *one*.

**On liue,** p. 71. *alive*.

*Y thanke hyt god, for so y may,  
That euyr y skapyd on lyve away.*

How a Merchande dyd hys Wyfe betray. Ritson.

**Ouche,** p. 70. 'An ouche,' *a nouche, an ornament for the dress of a female*.

*He boght her bedys, brochys and ryngys,  
Nowchys of golde.*

How a Merchande dyd hys Wyfe betray.

*The passage in which this word occurs is wrongly punctuated, so that the sense is altered. It should be read thus:*

An ouche or els a ryng ;  
From her to him agayn  
Somtime a prety chain,  
Or a bratelet of her heare,

**Oure,** p. 44. *hour*.

**Payins,** p. 42. 'into payins gete,' Qu. *into the hands of Pagans*.

**Payne,** p. 69. *labour*.

Plase, p. 43. *palace, so used by Spenser.*

Plete, p. 42. 'reuful plete,' *pitiful [plight or] condition.*

Pore, p. 43. *power.*

Praices, p. 26. 'My apitite waights on my praices eyes,' Qu. *my appetite waits on my precious [i. e. over nice] eyes, v.*  
*Tyrwhitt's Glossary to Chaucer's Canterbury Tales,*  
*in which occur two instances of precious, used in this sense.*

Rep've, p. 43. *reproach.*

Rode, p. 42. *cross.*

*All she thought was lost, by the rode.*

The Frere and the Boye, ap. Ritson, p. 37.

Rounes, p. 50. *runs.*

Rowght, p. 54. *reached, attained, v.* Jamieson, *artic. Rought.*

Ryef, p. 51. *plentiful.*

Rythwyseness, p. 44. *righteousness.*

*If he be rightwis king, thai shall  
Maintene him both night and day.*

Minot, p. 30.

Sawe, p. 43. *save.*

Scathe, p. 68. *harm.*

Scho, p. 44. *she.*

Seche, p. 42. *beseech.*

Sith, p. 39. *since.*

Spede, p. 44. *go on.*

Spullers, p. 26. *spoilers.*

Strinkled, p. 52. *sprinkled, v.* Jamieson.

Sunkelike, p. 18. *Sun-like.*

Sylling, p. 42. *selling.*

Tene, p. 43. *grief, sorrow, affliction.*

Teene, p. 71. *v. Tene.*

Thogff, p. 44. *though.*

Trest, p. 44. *trust.*

*In John of France es all his trest.* Minot, p. 32.

Trone, p. 42. *throne.*

*Trew king, that sittes in trone.* Minot, p. 1.

T'sciali, p. 41.

To haut, p. 73. *too high.*

Tow, p. 13. *two.*

Tyed, p. 14. Qu. *time [to rest], as in Minot, p. 2.*

*A pere of prise es more sum tyde  
Than al the boste of Normondye.*

Vilde, p. 3. *vile.*

Wake, p. 69. *awaken.*

Wan, p. 52. *dark-coloured, v. Jamieson.*

Warden, p. 35.

Ware, p. 24. *purchase.*

*Have here thy peny, y haue my ware.*

*How a Merchande dyd hys Wyfe betray, p. 72.*

Warke, pp. 68, 73. *work.*

Wedsons, p. 54. ‘*proudest wed sons,’ Qu. proudest appareled.*

*The erle of Norhamton helpid at that nede,  
Als wise man of wordes, and worthli in wede.* Minot, p. 19.

Wende, p. 40. *go.*

Wene, p. 68. *think, suppose.*

Wode, p. 42. *mad.*

*They wende he had ben wode.*

*The Frere and the Boye.*

Wolle euylla payde, p. 43. *r. wolle euyll apayde, will be badly satisfied.*

Wonds, p. 42. *wounds.*

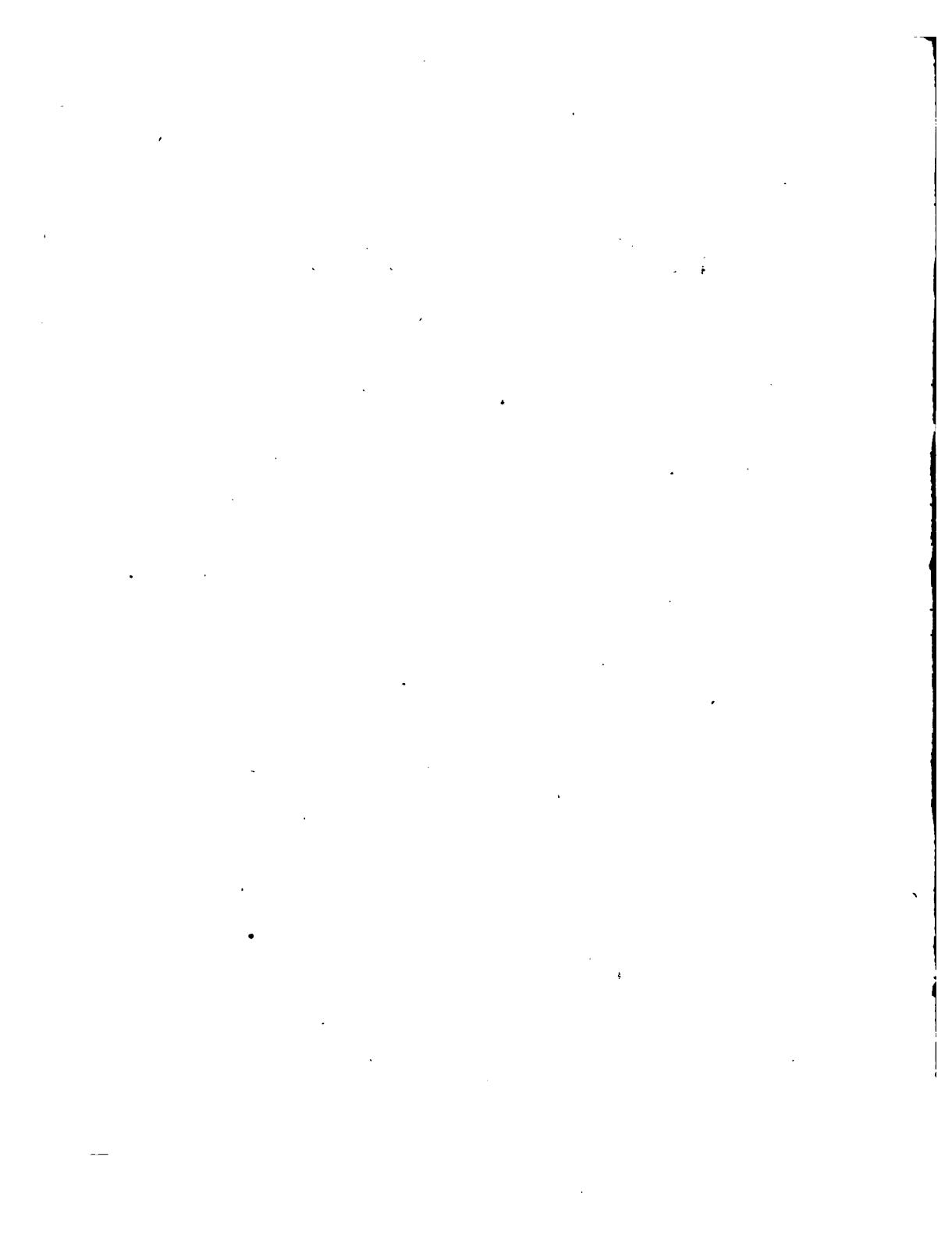
Worne, p. 44.

Wote well, p. 44. *knew well.*

Wotefull well, p. 44. *knew full well.*

Wrorppyd, p. 42. Qu. *wrapped, explained by Weber, Glossary to Met.*

Rom. *smote.*



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